THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

A Momentous Issue 529
Week by Week 531
President vs. Senate 533
Kingsley and Newman 534
The Ephimeridae 534
Palestrina and His Influence .....W. J. Henderson 536
The Catholic Church on Opium...Félix Klein 538
Three Gifts (*verse*) ..A. de la Madre de Dios 540
The Cathedral Drive and Christian Unity—An Anglican View....Charles C. Marshall 541
Wisdom (*verse*) .....Loretta Roche 542
The Catholic Church and Marriage...James H. Ryan 543
The Thirst of the Antelope (*verse*)...Gustav Davidson 545
Saint Teresa .....Thomas L. Masson 546
Where Is America? ....Bernard G. Richards 548
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 550
A Communication 551
Books .....Newton Arvin, Thomas F. Woodlock, Thomas Walsh 552
The Quiet Corner 555

A MOMENTOUS ISSUE

THERE came before the United States Supreme Court on March 16 the case of the State of Oregon, acting through its officials, in the appeal of the state to reverse the Federal District Court of Oregon and sustain the validity of the anti-parochial school law enacted in 1922. In reaching the highest court in the country this great issue, one of the most fundamental and far-reaching in its effects upon the American nation, the question whether Caesarism is to override human rights and liberties bids fair to be definitely settled. The issue has been placed before the supreme tribunal in clear and unmistakable terms. The decision of the Supreme Court will be awaited with the keenest interest and concern.

The forces championing the right of the State of Oregon to abolish all forms of primary education except the compulsory public education provided by the state itself, were represented in the Supreme Court by a formidable array of legal talent. Former Senator George E. Chamberlain, and three other well-known lawyers represented Governor Pierce and Attorney-General Van Winkle of Oregon. The Hill Military Academy, a non-religious Oregon institution, which was one of the institutions that attacked the validity of the anti-private school law, and whose contention was upheld by the Federal District Court, had its attorney present at the hearing of the appeal. Additional briefs in opposition to the validity of the anti-private school law were filed on behalf of the North Pacific Union Conference of Seventh Day Adventists, by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and by the American Jewish Committee, taking this action under the legal status of "Friends of the Court."

The Catholic side of the controversy, which in effect is a defense of the entire private school system, religious and non-sectarian, without, of course, any prejudice toward the public school system in itself, was outlined in two briefs, with their appendices, filed by Mr. William D. Guthrie, of New York, chief counsel for the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, and by the other attorneys for the Sisters, Messrs. J. P. Kavanaugh, Jay Bowerman, Dan J. Malarkey, Hall S. Lusk, E. B. Seabrook, and F. J. Lonergan.

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The Oregon school law was enacted in those feverish days when the turbulent wave of Ku Klux Klanism swept through the state. In effect the law provides that parents and guardians of children between the ages of eight and sixteen years must send them to the public schools maintained by the state. There are a few minor exceptions to the drastic provisions of this law, but these are of little consequence. That the law was aimed directly at the Catholic schools has been obvious to all fair-minded observers. But in order to reach the Catholic schools other confessional and private institutions had of necessity to be included in the drastic provisions of the law. It is this issue of religious liberty which, as the New York World has pointed out, now centres the attention of the whole country on the hearing granted to the appeal by the highest court of the land. The Supreme Court has already passed adversely on the Nebraska school case which banned the teaching of German in the public schools—a law passed in the midst of the excitement incident to the war. The Oregon law goes even further than the Nebraska law in giving the state supreme powers over the education of children.

In his brief Mr. William D. Guthrie points out that in 1922 there was a total of 9,250 pupils in the Catholic elementary and secondary schools, taught by 339 Sisters. The vast majority of these pupils were between the ages of eight and sixteen years and hence, under the terms of the Oregon act, would be barred from Catholic schools. The brief then declared that the Sisters do not and have not made any challenges on the following points—

"1. As to the power of a state to enact compulsory education laws providing generally that all children shall attend some school, and correlatively as to its obligation and duty, upon making such attendance compulsory, to provide free tuition.

"2. Nor as to the power of a state to require under just and equal regulations that teachers shall be competent, of good moral character and patriotic, and that they shall be licensed by state or by local authority.

"3. Nor as to the power of a state within reasonable and just limits to prescribe particular studies for children, or to prohibit such studies as would be reasonably calculated to be prejudicial to them or prejudicially to affect their morals, religion, or patriotism, but not to prohibit other and proper studies."

Continuing the brief says—

"It should likewise be emphasized at the outset of the discussion that there was no suggestion below in pleading, brief, or argument that the teachers, men or women, employed by this appellee or in the Catholic parochial or the other private schools of the State of Oregon, were not trained and competent scholars, of good moral character and eminently qualified to teach children; nor that there was any ground for doubting their patriotism and loyalty to our national and state governments; nor that the curriculum of these schools or the results obtained therein was in any way unsatisfactory to the state educational authorities, or unequal in educational value or result to that obtained in the public schools; nor that anything taught or inculcated in these schools was inimical to the state, or in any way or sense whatever prejudicial to the morals, patriotism, or welfare of children."

Mr. Guthrie then made a blunt statement as to the motive animating those who sponsored and enacted the Oregon law as follows—

"But in truth, unless court and counsel are to be blind to what 'all others see and understand' and what was clearly present in every aspect and phase of this litigation, though direct mention thereof has been studiously avoided, the sole offense of the members of this appellee, the Society of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, was that in connection with their schools they were teaching the children and orphans confided to their care the sacred truths and doctrines of religion according to the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church.

"Inexcusable and cruel, indeed, is the libel contained in the oblique innuendos we find in the brief on behalf of the appellant, Governor of Oregon, and particularly the charge on page sixty-two thereof, that injurious effects may result 'from the standpoint of American patriotism' if American parents are allowed to guide and determine the character of the education of their own children, and that they may be taught in religious schools disloyal and subversive doctrines, and 'that the claims upon them of the religion to which they belong are superior to the claims of the United States,' etc. The Catholics now appeal from this libel to fair-play and justice and to the judgment of all candid, impartial and tolerant American citizens."

Pointing out that in Catholic schools "patriotism, obedience to the law and loyalty to the Constitution are taught, not merely as a patriotic duty, but a religious duty as well," the brief goes on—

"The fundamental and controlling motive for the establishment and maintenance of Catholic parochial or elementary schools is the profound conviction on the part of Catholics, in which conviction clergy and laity are a unit, that the welfare of the nation, the stability of our constitutional system of government, the continuance of civil and religious freedom, and the lasting happiness of the individual citizen depend upon the code and standards of morality, discipline, self-control and temperance taught by religion. And this broad-minded view is not confined to Catholics, but is shared by Protestants and Jews throughout the country."

No more important event is now pending in the United States than the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the appeal of the State of Oregon.

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WEEK BY WEEK

ONE of the penalties paid for the great war is the obligation now incumbent on the belligerent nations of spending many millions of dollars yearly upon a weapon whose effectiveness as a first-line weapon of offense and defense is still an open question. The air controversy raging in America finds an echo in the British Parliament, where a lively debate arose last week over appropriations, with practically the whole Commons clamoring for "increased aerial expenditure." A picturesque commentary on the feeling between former allies engendered by five years of peace shines forth in the doubt expressed by nearly every speaker as to whether the big air force built up by France is to be considered "a danger or a defense." Like the lady who "always wanted a new hat" your imperialist always wants more armaments.

THE peculiar hardship of the situation (for the taxpayer) resides in the fact that the airship has by no means superseded the super-dreadnought. It has only made it a still more terrible liability, with a risk in proportion to its size and armament. France, to date, is the only country which has had the courage, or foolhardiness, to put a large proportion of its money on the new weapon. In view of the admitted inferiority of the French navy, her decision does not carry the same weight as a similar step would have carried if taken by Britain or America. For these there seems nothing but to combine large sums for the maintenance of the new love with considerable alimony for the old. After ten years of war and experimentation expert opinion among experts is at variance, while from time to time disquieting rumors of remarkable defenses against air-craft arise to be suddenly and overwhelmingly revealed. The question is complicated by internal disagreement between the lighter, and heavier-than-air advocates, and it is not yet established that the difficulties of obtaining accurate bomb-fire from such an unstable platform as both offer has been overcome. Those who have witnessed air warfare at close quarters and can recall such incidents as the failure of a squadron of bombing planes, flying at low altitude for three-quarters of an hour, to register a direct hit on a bridge crowded with retreating troops, may be pardoned if they share these misgivings. There are even those who claim that the true function of the battle-plane may be to shake morale. But, if the war proved nothing else, it proved that human courage and the spirit of self-sacrifice are stronger than any mechanical means likely to be invented to destroy it.

THE Catholic school strike in Alsace-Lorraine and the Catholic mass meetings throughout France, gave the world proof that the question of the French embassy at the Vatican is not merely academic. Though there has been a furious mentioning of budgets and political expediencies, the real issue remains, as everybody realizes, a battle-ground on which M. Herriot hopes to humble the Catholic faith. The outcome is uncertain; and at any rate the ancient wheel of time will keep on turning. But it is comforting to see the entire problem led out of the political arena and presented to the public as ably as it was by M. Charles Benoist in his recent address before the important Societé des Conferences. M. Benoist is a veteran statesman and a member of the Institute. Besides these virtues he possesses a gift for concrete statement enviable in any man.

SUPPOSE, M. Benoist suggested, that any good ruler of France from the time of Charlemagne through the Revolution even to not far-distant days of the Third Republic were somehow to find his way back into Rome. "Holy Father," he would ask, "where is the representative of France?" The answer would be that during a certain year towards the close of the nineteenth century, M. Combes had seen fit to break off diplomatic relations because he fancied it a good move in the war against the Catholic faith he was then waging to the last trench. The answer would intimate further that M. Herriot is at the present moment engaged in just another such war. Astonished, the visiting ruler might hasten to Paris and settle himself to listen to the government's say in the matter. This —so skilfully summarized in M. Benoist's address— would quite take his breath away. He would learn that diplomacy at the Vatican costs a certain number of francs, trifling to be sure, but still not to be sneezed at. He would discover further that a modern republic should get on speaking terms only "with the heads of

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democratic people—among whom the Sovereign Pontiff is not." He would even be reminded that Rome did not express itself as agreeably impressed with the activities in the Ruhr. This final item would dazzle him not a little, because if M. Herriot meant his own statements, he himself was not wholly charmed with those activities. But it would soon dawn upon the visiting ruler that M. Herriot is really covering his little red flag with big black words.

M. BENOIST'S own conclusion is worthy of note by all who love France, not only for the members she has recently elected to the Chamber, but for certain less perishable things as well. "France—the France so long represented at the palace of the Sovereign Pontiff—does not belong to the masters of the present hour. She is not a piece of property put into their hands to use and abuse as they see fit. Every one of our governors is a link in a long chain, no matter what the nature of the régime under which he rules, no matter how loosely attached to his predecessors he may seem to be. He is fixed and soldered into the series of those who went before and those who will follow. In this series he becomes a unit. From afar the dead command him, and he influences the acts of generations still to come. His power is therefore not without limitations supplied by history, by tradition, by necessities inherent in the long accumulated national life. It is to his interest not to force us to say of his policy—'That is odious!' or 'That is positively stupid!' In these brusque phrases his sentence will be enshrined —a sentence sure to be executed sooner or later." And in all truth, M. Herriot is unworthy of eternal France, as the embassy to the Vatican has been the index of her sentiment during the ages that have gone.

PRESS reports quoting the Interallied Military Control Mission paint Germany as "ready for instant war." Says the Geneva correspondent of one of our great dailies—"That Germany has already visualized 'Der Tag' anew and is again practically ready for war upon a stupendous scale is just dawning upon the delegates to the League of Nations Council." A headline announces that "even electric plants are prepared to supply power at the drop of a hat for processes more highly developed than before the Armistice." Our recent ambassador to Germany, once a student at German universities, presumably conversant with German thought and able to check what is prepared for the consumption of ambassadors with what is real meat, states positively that Germany is living up to her treaty obligations. The man in the street, longing with all his heart for peace with a little comfort, wonders whether the same "scareheads" might not be written of the vast chemical warfare preparations down in Maryland and if it will not presently also "just dawn" upon somebody that the effective coöperation of industry in any country is under modern conditions step by step and inseparably the most efficient preparation for potential war, since modern war rests upon industrial development and coördination.

GERMANY is being helped to her feet deliberately and without regard to the belief of many that Germany placed herself equally deliberately in a position out of which the Allies were forced to help her rise or be drawn down with her into bankruptcy. It was conceived to be urgently necessary for the good of the world to reconstruct Germany regardless of sentiment. It is obvious that the very fact of the destruction of Germany's war supplies in the early days after the Armistice put her in a position to concentrate on the best types evolved in war practice as by-products of her regenerated industry. It is surely no new discovery that modern explosives are based on chemistry, that the various gases used in projectiles are by-products of the chemical dye industry, and that Germany still possesses the most highly organized dye industry in the world, making it possible to turn out gases more readily, in greater quantity and more cheaply than any other nation. These things are of public knowledge. They were certainly known and considered by the commission called upon to evolve a plan of reconstruction to which Charles Dawes, as chairman, gave his name. What is the reason for this sudden display of the German bogey? The news as it stands might point to the staging of a complete recovery of German industry thoroughly compatible with a peaceful policy and a seat in the Council of the League of Nations, as easily as it might point to a mad lust for vengeance against the world. In our state of nerves, still jumpy from the war, one would ask of editors affording the luxury of correspondents in Europe, less panic news and more sober fact.

"BREECHES" bibles, "Wicked" bibles and "Bugge" (bogey) bibles are rarities which occur from time to time in book-sellers' catalogues. The "Raisin Cake" bible offers us a new variety. The Periscope, a sprightly little organ whose task is to keep an eye on the vagaries of the "dry" mind, has just poked its nose above the choppy waters of evangelicalism and sighted a choice specimen of exegetic propaganda. In the "Shorter Bible," a two-volume digest of Holy Writ, just issued by Scribner's under what appear to be Y. M. C. A. auspices, its editor notes that—"no kind words for wine are permitted to desecrate the revised version." Texts such as "a cake of bread, a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine," suffer a sea change into something as rich and strange as "a roll of bread, a portion of meat and a cake of raisins." A passing tribute should be paid to the mental processes of whoever thought of converting "good piece" to "portion." There is an up-to-date, automat flavor about this rendering—a frank admission that days when a "portion" really meant a "good piece"

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are over and done with. We have all heard of the devil quoting scripture. Now the go-getter uplifter seems to misquote it in the interest of blue law morality.

THE defense of Mr. H. A. Sherman, of "the religious department of Scribner's" to a charge of bias is vague and top-lofty rather than convincing. The mere names of Professors Charles Foster Kent and C. T. Torrey of Yale, whose views on Prohibition it would have been "an insult to ask," are offered by Mr. Sherman as full and sufficient guarantee for faithfulness to Hebrew text. But as the outlawed word "wine" only becomes "raisin cake" when it is a question of approving its use, and reappears in all its sinister nakedness when a warning is issued by seer or prophet against its abuse, the public may be safely left to draw its own conclusions. More important than any dry or wet controversy is this whole question of using the Bible, like the fabric of ancient abbeys just after the Reformation, as a sort of free-for-all quarry. Catholics, for whom the noble periods of the Douay version are a daily solace and delight, can afford to smile when innovators rush in where angels fear to tread, and even to look forward to a day when we shall be told that "David was old and his system lacked calories." But as educated Americans, to whom dignity and the humanities still convey something, they cannot but lament with their Episcopal brethren when they see the most Venerable of all Books falling into unworthy hands, which substitute the phraseology of lunch-counter and advertising agent for its noble Tudor English, make American scholarship a laughing-stock all over the world, and build circulation for magazines whose editorial policy is the baiting of the boob and Babbitt, wherever found.

A CIRCULAR has come to our notice appealing for funds to put up a new building for the Ethical Culture School in Brooklyn. The cut on the front page and the prospectus indicate ambitious plans. Among the features are "a maximum of sunlight and fresh air; abundant play room; garden space with pets; pure air class rooms; rooms especially equipped for art, carpentry, nature study, music, etc.; rest rooms with cots for mid-day periods; a dining room where hot meals can be served; an auditorium for assemblies and festivals." Truly, a school de luxe. It will take a good deal of money to build and equip it, and to subsidize it, for these Ethical Culture schools are not money-making affairs. However costly, it is likely that the necessary funds will be raised. They always seem to be forthcoming for non-orthodox purposes. The Ethical Culture schools are, of course, non-religious. They teach the moral code, but on a strictly worldly basis, on pure human and humane grounds. Their promoters claim that they gain many pupils from families with a regular religious affinity through the excellence of the instruction they give, and because of their many attractive facilities such as those recited above. It is a pity that Godless schools should be able to draw the young into their fold and indoctrinate them with the cult of unspirituality. It is a pity that both the mentality and the money of believers in God and the soul and the after life, should not be organized more efficiently to compete with free thought for the recruiting of youth to true standards.

PRESIDENT VS. SENATE

ONE almost yields sometimes to the impression that the most solid base of pure and true democracy is suspicion of every good citizen by every other good citizen; its motto: "Ora et labora, that your neighbor may not put something over while you rest in a fog of good will and confidence."

Confirmation of presidential appointments serves as an illustration ever ready to one's hand. Theoretically it is of high value to the nation that the Senate by its power of confirmation should at all times be able and ready to thwart improper use or abuse of the appointing power of the Chief Executive. Theoretically it is also of high value to efficient execution of the will of the nation expressed in its laws that the President be not hampered in his choice of men, who, in his opinion are best suited to the particular field of activity to which he appoints them. There would seem, however, to be a very wide field between a proper vigilance in confirming and the "rubber stamp" function feared by many senators.

Inexperience of men is of course conceivable in either Chief Executive or individual senators. The varied and complicated functions of government for which the President is responsible, present ever new aspects and require new abilities beyond the experience of any one man—perhaps concurrently and increasingly so with the abdication by the sovereign states of the Union of their right to sovereign representation at Washington through popular election of senators.

The requirements of executive government in our rapid age are often in advance of specific law, though our general conception of the functions of an executive official would seem to approximate the functions of a judge rather than those of an administrator. An executive official in government (unlike an executive in business) in the general acceptation is one who carries out the provisions of a law formulated to cover certain contingencies rather than a flexible, intelligent and practically experienced person meeting routine business and unforeseen emergency alike upon the broad basis of an enlightened knowledge and conscientious observance of the provisions of his charter. Here opens in our national development a field for the clash of concepts, a zone wherein may play almost unchallenged mutual jealous suspicion between the Executive and the Legislative branches of government; both acting in good faith and vigilant of the national good.

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A senator sent to Washington by popular election is not of necessity a man of nation-wide experience, as he was not unlikely to be when he represented the government of a state rather than the people of a state at a time when our national conditions and problems were less complex and also less narrow. He may now quite easily be a man of narrow experience, and, in misinterpretation of the true meaning of his election "by the people," he may be as "class-conscious" as he was accused of being under the old system.

Senators are not infrequently uneasily suspicious of any practical knowledge of a given subject on the part of a presidential nominee for office having to do with the subject. A lawyer who has numbered great corporations among his clients becomes doubtful as a nominee to the direction of the Department of Justice; a public-spirited railroad president would be suspect as Interstate Commerce Commissioner; one would not expect to see confirmed as Secretary of State an ambassador who had passed his life in diplomacy, who had risen through the ranks by hard and efficient service. Senators demand the judicial attitude in executive officials; they are suspicious of the "bias" which may come from practical working knowledge of a subject, and who will say that this is not the reflection upon the body of a popularly elected Senate of the people's collective mind?

We are in government greatly cautious of personal initiative—a survival no doubt of our early realization of the great temptation our virgin country offered to the machinations of ambitious and unscrupulous men.

KINGSLEY AND NEWMAN

IT IS fifty years ago since Charles Kingsley went to a world where there were many surprises awaiting him, amongst them that which revealed the fact that his breezy cock-sureness was not always justified; for, of course, Kingsley—a man deservedly with hosts of friends—was the genuine product of that intensely cock-sure mid-Victorian age, just as Huxley was. It is an interesting question as to whether Kingsley, so considerable a figure in his own time, would have been more than vaguely remembered today, or let us say tomorrow, but for the felix culpa which caused the world to receive one of perhaps the three greatest self-revelations it has ever been offered—the Apologia of Cardinal Newman. Looking over the yellow pages of the pamphlets which were the advance conflicts of that stricken field, it is strange to think that a man of intense honesty and good heart like Kingsley could have written what in fact he did write. Of course, he was a mass of prejudices, not merely anti-Catholic, and saw red whenever the Church was even hinted at. But he met his match: that was admitted even by Kingsley's supporters. One such (an entirely forgotten Mr. Meyrick) wrote a pamphlet preserved from utter abandonment by one paragraph, entitled—Isn't Kingsley Right After All? in which he thus apostrophizes Newman—"All England has been laughing with you and those who knew you of old have rejoiced to see you once more come forth like a lion from his lair, with undiminished strength of muscle, and they have smiled as they watched you carry off the remains of Mr. Charles Kingsley (no mean prey) lashing your sides with your tail, and growling and muttering as you retreat into your den."

The London Observer in a short notice of the fact that we are alluding to, admits Kingsley's defeat and attributes it to the fact "that he was rash enough to give Newman battle on the latter's 'home ground' of dialectic, and was badly bruised." "Still," continues the writer (and considering the locus one can scarce feel surprised at the sentiment) "between a world of Newmans and a world of Kingsleys there would not be much hesitation of choice." The inference is clear. Yet one cannot but feel that a world of Kingsleys would be a tiresome place to live in—as tiresome as one in which the east wind of England—that detestable blast which Kingsley was almost alone in praising—never ceased to shrivel the skin. Even a world of Garvins—sine fine garventes—but perish the thought!

What else might be said as to Kingsley and his claim to remembrance? He was professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge and almost as inaccurate an historian as his contemporary James Anthony Froude. Never could he keep the Pope—his particular King Charles's head—out of his works, and that smirched what otherwise was and is a really great work, namely—The Water Babies, by far the best thing that he ever wrote. Hereward the Wake was historically much more accurate than Hypatia or of course Westward Ho!—a book full of malignant hatred and misrepresentation of the Church which has probably done more to distort opinion by infecting the minds of ingenuous youth than any other book written in the last century. Strange that his brother Henry, whose novels are so very superior to those of Charles, should never yet have come into his own. Beyond the novels, a few rather superficial books of popular science and some forgotten lectures on history, what is there to commemorate? Certainly a few charming lyrics, and there an end. But he was "the onlie begetter" of Newman's Apologia and should not go unremembered in this fiftieth year since he died.

THE EPHIMERIDAE

ONE does not have to have a minute knowledge of current literature to be aware of the fact that one of its great industries is the making of plans for improving the relations of the sexes. A number of talented writers have built up for themselves brilliant literary reputations by their vigorous and impressive handling of this theme. The idea has been widely

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spread abroad that marriage is now an inconvenient and oppressive institution, and that it must undergo radical reform to bring it into accord with modern ideas of freedom and enlightenment. A standard proof of the charges of obscurantism, ignorance and superstition brought against the Catholic Church is its imperviousness to the demands of progress in this field. With the general tendency of modern jurisprudence dead against it, and amid a strong movement of opinion in favor of treating marriage as a casual association contingent on the pleasure and interest of the contracting parties, the Church still insists that marriage is a sacrament whose obligations are indissoluble. Probably nothing does more to chill liberal sentiment towards the Church than its obstinacy in this particular. As Mr. Mencken has recently pointed out in his characteristic vein of merry cynicism, there is a strong drift at present to Catholic ceremonial in forms of worship. A natural result would be more kindly feeling towards the Church, if only it would fall in line with modern ideas as other denominations are doing. It is this intransigence which now more than anything else irritates people against the Church and prompts such measures as the Oregon school law.

It must be admitted that those who contend that the Church has lost much by its sacramental doctrine of marriage can make out a pretty strong case. History supplies some evidence to that effect, and at the present time it is probable that the Church is losing influential support and patronage because of the way in which its rules restrict the exercise of individual taste and fancy in matrimonial arrangements. But it happens that the Church does not ask whether it will pay to pursue a certain course of action; neither does it ask anybody's support or patronage. It asserts principles; it imposes duties. It is under no obligation to succeed as a denominational enterprise, but simply to be faithful to its trust whatever the consequences may be. It is bound to extend its opportunities to all the world, but it is just as fully bound to maintain the conditions on which those opportunities are extended, and one of those conditions is that people shall not marry as they please but only as the Church allows. The range of choice is fixed by the Church, and those who are married are married until death do them part. This sounds hard and it may cause trouble and distress in particular cases, but so it is.

It is not the purpose of this editorial to vindicate the position of the Church in this matter. Naturally it does not appeal to those who do not recognize the authority claimed and exercised by the Church. But we wish to call attention to an ironical circumstance, which is that on those same scientific grounds on which they rest their case the champions of easy divorce and connubial freedom are as transient in their activities and as ephemeral in their nature as a swarm of summer flies dancing in the sunshine. In every age of which any record remains, the decline of religious faith and the decay of dogma, whatever the system may have been, is attended by an attack upon marital obligations. Time and again they have been thrown off, and the relations of the sexes have been abandoned to individual caprice, but never with permanent institutional results. Time and again there has been a period of lax morality such as now exists, but the effect is always transient. Social structures cannot arise out of the dust and powder of individuality. Every form of civilization the world has known, all the traits and characteristics which distinguish humanity from wild beasts, depend upon the existence of the family with its order and restraints. This is an invincible fact which invariably asserts itself, be desire or argument what it may. Those who emancipate themselves from institutional control rank themselves among the ephimeridae. While they live they may buzz noisily but they succeed in nothing, not even in pleasing themselves. Their efforts are as evanescent as their lives. Divorce is a suppurative process which breaks down and carries off the societies which it invades. Even on merely biological grounds it is evident that the future belongs to the societies which resist it, and they will give shape and character to the world's progress.

Another circumstance worth noting is that although freedom is the object sought in loosening the bonds of marriage, the practical result is always diminution of freedom. Just as in a place where no authority exists and everyone does as he pleases, the individual must live like a hunted animal constantly on guard for his own protection, so too where there is no firm and definite order in marital obligations, precautions and solicitudes pile up on the individual that put an end to all ease of social intercourse. There are no unions so beset with anxieties as free unions. With every attractive woman a possible rival to the wife, and every interesting man a possible rival to the husband, social intercourse becomes too perilous to be freely indulged, and restraints accumulate. Such has been the genesis of such institutions as the gyneceum, the zenana, the harem—in their essence, bars to social intercourse made necessary by defect in moral obligations. Whether or not it be admitted that any necessary relationship exists, it is indisputably the fact that it is just in those places and in those circles where marriage has been recognized as a sacrament that the greatest social freedom and ease of manners have been attained. Marriage that is a permanent act of settlement allows a latitude to individual friendships, attachments and interests which is not feasible when that security does not exist. The movies and the personal advice columns of the newspapers keep pointing out how needful it is to be on guard lest one's spouse be drawn away by some chance attraction. The facilities for divorce which modern jurisprudence is now supplying almost everywhere have produced a class of anxieties from which only Catholics are free.

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PALESTRINA AND HIS INFLUENCE

By W. J. HENDERSON

(The latest researches on the birth of Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, known as Palestrina, establish 1925 as the four-hundredth anniversary of that important event. This seems the proper season to direct renewed attention to the art of the great master—a duty which confronts historians, critics and musicians alike. The Editors.)

THE importance of Giovanni Pierluigi in the creation of a pure liturgical style is not to be sought in the hysterical fables which have enshrouded his labor in romantic mystery, but in the facts and the movement which Baini so long ago misrepresented. Of course every churchman and student of musical history is aware that the story of the Marcelline Mass and the Council of Trent was years ago proved to be a myth. In clearing away the jungle of misstatements, historians gradually arrived at the truth. Pope Julius III, over-riding the regulations which forbade the appointment of a married man to the papal choir, made Palestrina one of the singers. Julius passed away after a brief reign of five years, and Marcello Cervini was elected to succeed him. It was this Marcello who gave his name to the famous Missa Papae Marcelli. But of course the Mass was not written to prove that polyphonic music need not conceal the text of the liturgy, nor did it save the music of the church from a return to plain chant.

Julius was a lover of art, something of a citizen of the world and with his death the impulses of the renaissance, which the Church had not eluded, lost their potency and there was a decline of the adoration of culture and art. Marcello was of sterner stuff and under him the chastity of the spirit, which had been somewhat impaired, was speedily restored. We can easily understand that such a Pontiff would have decided views about the music of the sanctuary. We learn that after a certain Good Friday service he summoned his choir and told the singers that in the future the music must be suitable for the time of pentitential mourning, and that the words of the Mass must be clearly understood. This was not a new notion of the Holy Father. Marcello had disclosed already in 1546 a strong view about the purity of the chant.

Palestrina was one of those who heard this exhortation; that he was deeply influenced by it cannot be doubted, and the latest biographers do not hesitate to trace from this incident the conception of the celebrated Mass, about which Baini, the master's early biographer, wove such a garland of fancy. Marcello's reign lasted only three weeks. Paul IV succeeded him—a man of stern and rigorous disposition who very quickly discovered that Palestrina, a composer of some very worldly madrigals as well as of church music, was unfit to be a member of his choir. The immortal composer was accordingly dismissed in July, 1555. In October of the same year he became choir master of St. John Lateran, and for that church he wrote the immortal Improperia the profoundest and most touching work of the kind ever created.

When Paul IV was told of its wondrous beauty he expressed a desire to hear it and perhaps in secret he may have wished that he had not dismissed the composer from the Vatican Choir.

The Council of Trent sat in 1562, and did pass a resolution calling for a reform of church music restoring intelligibility of the text. It also called upon all bishops to exclude improper music. This referred to the habitual use of secular airs, and often of the secular words also. Indeed in some instances when Masses with secular airs were sung, only the singers in the front row of the choir pronounced the sacred words of the liturgy. Those in the rear lazily chanted the worldly lines. The Missa Papae Marcelli was published in the volume entitled Missarum Liber Secundus, which was issued in 1567. The same volume contains the admirable Mass, De Beata Virgine. The publication of the Mass of Marcello at this time undoubtedly lent some color to the assertions of the early historians. But there can be no question that it was composed under the influence of Marcello's own suggestions as to the true nature of church music, and that it was completed before the Council of Trent undertook its reforms. The Mass was sung in the Sistine Chapel on June 19, 1565, and was afterward praised in a papal brief as a model of what church music should be.

This particular Mass is accorded consideration here for the reason that it has been discussed more than any other work of Palestrina. It belongs to the period of artistic development of the master, when he himself abandoned in his general practice the elaborate artifices of the Flemish school found in his earlier compositions. In his first volume one finds him writing as his highly technical teachers did, and burying the text under a mountain of contrapuntal devices made apparently for their own sakes. In the years when he was occupied in St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major his own native Italian bent and the power of his own singular genius led him gradually to the style in which melodic beauty combined itself with polyphonic transparency. It is true that in certain works he resumed the methods of the Flemings. For example, in the third volume of Masses, we find one on the old secular tune, L'Homme Armé, which had been the theme of innumerable Masses. Here it is evident that Palestrina set out to excel the contrapuntal wizards of Flanders at their own feats. This Mass is overlaid

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with artificial devices and polyphonic ingenuities. So great is the learning displayed that Zacconi declared it to be superior to the work of Josquin Des Prés on the same theme and included it in his text-book on theory. But with Palestrina exercising his learning in surpassing the pedagogues in their own line, we have no concern. Rather should we contemplate the Palestrina who in 1560 produced the Crux Fidelis and the Improperia (immortal creations in ecclesiastical music) the Stabat Mater, O Magnun Mysterium, Hodie Christus Natus Est, and a hundred other works which remain what Pius IV pronounced the Marcelline Mass to be—models for composers of sacred music.

In these the supreme excellences of Palestrina's art are exhibited. In the first place he contrives to give all the voice parts equal importance. No voice makes an entrance without something significant to say. All the voices are essentially melodious. The harmonies, the chord effects, seem to arrive without preparation or mechanical device. They appear as inevitable yet unpremeditated conjunctions of the voice parts. There is no filling in of the harmonies. All the voices are following their melodic lines. And the final result is one of amazing translucence. There is never any opacity in the structure. One feels as if the clear sunlight were streaming through matchless stained glass. The text is never obliterated. The message of the Church is always, as it ever has been, reverently delivered to her children.

We have now seen how Palestrina freed himself from the artificial style of the Netherlands teachers and how he acquired authority in the Church as a model of correct style. But one item is to be added. The Netherlands composers, struggling with the young art of counterpoint and hardly yet able to wield their own weapons, produced much hard, bold and vigorous music. Only Josquin des Prés soared into the regions of celestial beauty, and Palestrina surpassed him because he was an Italian and had an Italian's natural inclination for suave, flowing melody. In the Italian polyphone one finds a new product, something like the Venetian Gothic architecture, which loses the rugged might of the Teutonic to gain a tenderness, a grace, and a charm which the northerns never knew.

The rival of the Roman school was the Venetian. The art of the former based itself on the diatonic church modes and aimed to preserve the dispassionate purity which that style embodied. The Venetian masters, influenced by the elaborate methods of Adrian Willaert, one of the most famous of the Flemings, and the cultivation of chromatics by Cyprian di Rore, tended toward promp and circumstance and dramatic vivacity—in other words, Venetian luxury in color and decorative externals, and sensuous excitement.

In line with the desires and tendencies of the Venetian musical voluptuaries was the introduction of the orchestra into church music. Giovanni Gabriele (1557-1613) using two, and more frequently three, antiphonal choruses, finally produced a Surrexit Christus supported by first and second violins, two cornets and four trombones. Opera had raised its siren head above the horizon of art, and the church composers could not escape the lines of its gaze. Giovanni Legrenzi (1625-1690) increased the orchestra to nineteen violins, two violas, three viole da gamba, four theorbos, two cornets, one bassoon and three trombones. With Antonio Lotti (1667-1740) an opera writer and a church composer, the dramatizing of the Mass became complete.

Palestrina and Giovanni Maria Nanini (1540-1607) founded in Rome a music school which fortunately served to keep the Palestrina style alive for a century. We must not underestimate the works of Palestrina's contemporaries, Anerio, Vittoria and Allegri, two of whom survived him by some years. But the inspiration of Roman church music in the first years of the seventeenth century was Palestrina. We cannot forget, too, that he gave his valuable aid to Saint Philip Neri in his creation of religious musical plays which developed into the Italian oratorio. In the final analysis we perceive that the dominating thought in the crisis and climax of Palestrina's career was the chastity of church music, and that it was upon this that the most farseeing of the Pontiffs whom he served placed the heaviest stress.

At the present, 400 years after the birth of the master, the Church cannot point to a better model for its liturgical music than the work of Palestrina. The whole tendency of modern ritual music since Legrenzi familiarized the devout with the use of the orchestra in the Mass, and paved the way toward the highly-colored compositions of the nineteenth century, has paralleled the movement of music in general from absolute musical beauty to dramatic delineation. The changes in church music, the debasement of its lofty devotional style, have from time to time invited the advent of such dire possibilities as the abolition of all part music from the sanctuary and the employment of chant alone. The loss of the great polyphonic Masses would be deplorable. But without question the singing of blatantly theatrical music is destructive of the true spirit of devotion. Nor can the modern methods of dramatic writing offer anything so nobly expressing the rapt contemplation or the exalted religious emotion of the pious spirit, as the wholly unworldly and indeed celestial style of Palestrina. It is for this reason that when the necessity of reform in church music arises, as it does from time to time, the best musical scholars of the Faith point to the creations of the "luce e splendore della musica" as furnishing a model by which composers can always be guided.

The Council of Trent, already mentioned, was much inclined to abolish all figured music and commend the exclusive use of plain song; but after hearing from its special committee, voted only to forbid all that was "lascivious or impure." Just what came under these

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descriptions was not defined, but there could be no doubt of the insight of the Emperor Ferdinand I who favored figured music because it "often arouses the feeling of piety." It is easier now to decide what is lascivious and impure, since the dividing line between undeniably religious music and that which is theatrical has been more clearly marked.

How much influence the art of Palestrina exercises on the music of the church today cannot be determined. A superficial survey of the subject might lead one to a hasty conclusion that the teachings of the prince of music had become a dead letter. But this fact remains: whenever the writers of liturgical music wander too far from the path of rectitude, when the resources of modern music too strongly tempt them to passionate tone-painting and the creation of a style of expression more at home in the theatre than in the church, more suitable to the embodiment of human tragedies than the expression of devotion to the Virgin or worship of the Savior, there is always ready a party urging the abolition of all figured music and a return to plain song. It is a question to be treated only by the authorities of the Catholic Church.

But the guardians of the music of the cathedrals have almost always done just what their predecessors did in the time of Pope Julius. They have invited those concerned to consider the immortal beauty and profoundly devotional spirit of the Masses of Palestrina. The Marcelline Mass and the De Beata Virgine remain unsurpassed as church compositions. There are many organists and choir masters who make it their practice to let congregations hear a large amount of the music of Palestrina and the Roman school of his time and who are thereby preserving the purity of taste among their people and keeping alive the influence of the noblest musical art that the prolific Mother Church ever brought forth. Perhaps the observation of this four hundredth anniversary may have the beneficent result of widening the Palestrina cult in the churches.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON OPIUM

By FELIX KLEIN

CERTAINLY, I am not unaware that the fight against opium found its earliest as well as its most ardent participants in the United States. I should not dream of telling Americans what their duty is on this question. It was President Roosevelt who, inspired by generous encouragement, especially that of the Reverend Charles H. Brent, undertook as early as 1906 to bring into play international action, and to the initiative of the American government were due the conferences at Shanghai in 1909, and at The Hague in 1912. The great war having practically annihilated the results of the agreements signed before 1914, and the clauses inserted for the same object in the Treaty of Versailles having, up to the present, given no better results, it is once more the government of the United States which has renewed the fight. On February 26, 1923, a resolution urging the President of the United States to "represent to the governments of certain powers the immediate necessity for limiting the production of narcotic drugs to the quantity really necessary for medical and scientific needs only," was passed in the House of Representatives, thanks especially to the support of the Honorable Stephen G. Porter of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He emphasized in his talk the rapid progress of the evil, and brought out the fact, in the discussion of the resolution, that in the United States alone, there were more than 1,000,000 users of the drug, and that the annual production of opium was more than 1,500 tons, when 100 was sufficient for the world's legitimate use, all the rest going into illegal and clandestine traffic.

The passage of this resolution was so in accordance with the general sentiment of the country that in the presidental campaign both parties at their conventions expressed themselves in favor of it, and shortly after Washington appealed to the League of Nations to renew the combat. The latter called together at Geneva last November the first international conference for the consideration of opium smoking, and the second, for the limitation of the production of opium and the coca leaf, as well as the manufacture of dangerous by-products—morphine, heroin, and cocaine.

We shall not enter into the details of the discussions relative to the means proposed or debated by the delegates of the forty governments represented at the conference. The governments undertook to find out the quantity of raw material and of the manufactured product necessary for their legitimate needs; and to furnish statistics at regular times concerning their importations and exportations; to forbid all importations greater than the quantity decided upon, and all exportation to countries having exceeded their legitimate needs; in sum, to accept the control of these measures by a central bureau named by the Council of the League of Nations.

Whatever the excellence of these different measures, it remained to put them into practice. That was the undertaking of the new conference which was held in Geneva in January 1925. The meeting of this conference aroused great hopes. Never have so many nations taken common steps against the scourge, and never have they been represented by such distinguished personages. America responded by sending Mr. Porter. France sent M. Daladier, her Colonial Minis-

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ter; and England, Sir Robert Cecil. No council was ever more capable of deciding how best to control the production, the manufacture and the distribution of all drugs, raw or prepared, the use of which is sometimes necessary to medicine or science, but whose abuse is so easy and so dangerous to humanity. The difficult questions had largely to do with the delays necessary in suppressing opium smoking, and in forming a commission endowed with permanent authority. The delay has been limited to fifteen years. As to competent authority, the principle of a special commission, urged by the Americans, was adopted, and a committee of sixteen members was given the task of studying the American, English, and French suggestions, in order to submit definite conclusions to a new conference. All of which may appear still very uncertain, and lacking in speed; but the complexity of the questions rendered inevitable this slowness and prudence.

But we must take into account the fact that the success of an enterprise so vast and so complicated does not depend on governments alone. It needs the support of public opinion and the coöperation of individual good-will. The governments understand this, and their representatives proved that they did when they decided to have a hearing in the conference, of the representatives of the independent associations which throughout the world are fighting the abuse of drugs.

This was an encouraging and suggestive séance. We cannot quote all the statements made there, but we shall note a few—first of all, those of Mr. Koo, delegate from China of the National Association for the War against Opium, who spoke in the name of thirty-four organizations in his country, divided into more than 1,300 groups and comprising about 2,000,000 members. Mr. Koo spoke in favor of the suppression of poppy growing and measures destined to prevent the use of opium among the Chinese scattered throughout the world; he spoke against opium smoking and the illicit trafficking in all narcotics. Dr. Wanhuis, representing the International Council of Protestant Missions, and Mr. MacLenan, delegate of the Protestant Societies of Great Britian and Ireland, presented among other interesting ideas, that of the "Sunday of the War against Opium," organized in September, 1924, in 8,000 churches or chapels in China. Mr. Alexander, representing the Quakers, and the Reverend Mr. Dukes of the Anti-Opium Society of London, produced a petition of 200,000 Hindus, having at their head the great leader Gandhi and the poet Rabidranath Tagore. We must mention also the contribution of Mrs. Helen Moarhead of the Foreign Policy Association of New York, and Mrs. Sturgers of the American White Cross, who presented a petition signed by 326,000 names.

One would have been astonished if no Catholic voice had been heard in such an assembly. Monsignor Beaupin, Secretary of the French group of the Catholic Union for International Studies, stated that his organization would lend to the aid of the war against narcotics the means of action that it possessed in many countries—either a campaign of propaganda among the Catholics of the world, or the winning of their active collaboration with the measures of the conference. Many results have already followed this promise.

Moreover, it should be known that the Church has not been indifferent to the scourge in the past. In this field as in many others, though she may have been indifferent to publicity, she has acted, and acted in earnest, in putting at the service of a good cause the efficiency of her discipline, and the power of her hierarchy. I shall never forget a demonstration of this fact given last December at a meeting of our Union for International Studies—a meeting held for the express purpose of examining the anti-narcotic question. Because of the subject, Archbishop Guebriant, Director-General of Foreign Missions, and Archbishop Le Roy, Director-General of the Fathers of the Holy Spirit, were invited. When Monsignor Beaupin asked them what they believed possible and feasible in the way of associating their missionaries and their congregations with the campaign undertaken against the scourge by the governments and the Protestant associations, the two eminent prelates announced that the Catholic Church had for some time been occuying itself with the question. They cited different decisions of Rome and the missionary bishops in regard to the abuse of drugs, and they emphasized the fact that these were supported, not by vows and exhortations, but by laws universally put in force. A few days later we had in our hands official texts proving that the bishops of China and the adjoining countries have always considered it an important part of their duties to make war on opium and to root out a vice so deadly to spiritual and temporal welfare.

Here, for example, is a summary of the measures decreed at the first synod of the first district, which was held in Peking in 1880—

1. Believers who smoke opium but are not habitual smokers will not be admitted to the sacraments unless they promise seriously to renounce it.

2. Those who are habitual smokers will not be admitted a first time unless they promise seriously to diminish the dose little by little. If they come a second time without having kept their promise, absolution will be denied them until they have obeyed the instructions given.

3. A progressive diminution of the dose will be recommended to those whom habitude has made so dependent on the drug that it is impossible for them to do without it.

4. The same rules apply to admission to baptism of converts who are opium smokers.

5. Those who raise opium or who traffic in it will

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not be admitted to the sacraments until they have abondoned the raising or the sale of it.

The Holy See has for a long time expressed a desire to wage war on the opium evil. On June 23, 1830, almost 100 years before the Conference of Geneva, the Congregation of Propaganda sent instructions to the Vicar-Apostolic of Siam relative to the opium trade and the obligation to observe the civil law which forbids the trade and the use of opium. On September 30, 1848, the Congregation instructed the Bishop of Malacca that "in view of the grave injury resulting from it, he should take great pains in fighting the use of opium." On March 10, 1852, in an instruction from the Holy Office to the Vicar-Apostolic of Chensi, the traffic in and use of opium, such as he had revealed, were declared illegal, and he was advised to make every effort to wipe out this abuse. On March 27, 1878, the Holy Office made some concessions in favor of the Christians of Kouy Tcheou (the government, owing to the extreme poverty caused by a long period of troubles, had abrogated for ten years the law forbidding the raising of opium). But on March 4, 1883, instructions from the Propaganda to the Vicar-Apostolic of China declared that the decree of March 27 in favor of the Christians of Kouy, concerned only the province for which it had been granted, and only so long as the circumstances that motivated it remained unchanged. The Propaganda urged the Vicar-Apostolic to work vigorously to uproot the opium evil through establishing temperance societies. Finally, an instruction from the Congregation of the Holy Office, dated December 29, 1892, crystallized the Catholic doctrine on the subject—

1. The raising of opium is not illegal in itself, but in China, where long experience has demonstrated the fact that abuse is inevitable, it becomes illegal, and should in general be forbidden to Christians.

2. The same must be said for traffic in opium; it is not an evil in itself, it becomes so as the result of serious abuses found everywhere, and because of the civil laws which forbid it. Therefore it must be prohibited, not only to those who are directly engaged in it, but also to those who encourage it either in lending money to opium merchants, or in renting land to those who raise it.

3. The use of opium, as practised in China (chewing it, mixing it with alcohol, or smoking it) is regarded by the Church as unlawful and a detestable evil.

4. Its use may be permitted to those who have acquired the habit and cannot be deprived of it without detriment to their health. The medical use of opium is not forbidden provided the manner and quantity of the dose conform to the rules of medicine. The Congregation of the Holy Office is convinced that the apostolic workers, in order to wean the faithful of the Chinese empire and adjoining realms from the raising, the traffic in, and the use of opium, will employ all the means they think likely to be efficacious, especially frequent instruction, the wide-spread use of tracts, and the organizing of temperance societies.

Such are the documents that establish the teaching and the practise of the Church on this important subject. The Catholic Society of International Studies was glad to have been able to present them to the members of the recent conference on opium.

I know too well the heart of American Catholics to doubt their coöperation in the war against this deadly scourge. Among the numerous proofs of their zeal, I take pleasure in pointing out two of which I have recently heard—the National Council of Catholic Men at its fourth annual convention held in Washington, on October 29, 1924, and more recently the National Council of Catholic Women at their fourth general reunion at St. Louis, put in circulation resolutions asking that the International Conference on Opium adopt effective measures for the regulation and control of the production of narcotics.

Three Gifts

Fortitude

"It is by trial that the soul in bitterness acquires fortitude and perfection."
—San Juan de la Cruz.

I crave the fortitude of a soldier heart
Upon the battle front of life;
I crave the power to court the deadly smart,
The arrow of compelling strife.

Fight to the death of one o'erwhelming foe,
That fain would prison me,
O Self, I fell thee with one mighty blow,
Triumphant, I am free!

Understanding

"The understanding, having not the power of comprehending God, advances towards Him by not understanding."
—San Juan de la Cruz.

I would not by a rushlight dim
Seek out my way to Heaven and Him
Who made the heavens and me;
So would I swiftly cast away
The light in this poor house of clay,
And haste, my God to Thee!

Fear of the Lord

"If you have sweetness and delight draw near to God in fear."
—San Juan de la Cruz.

Where is Thy chalice, Lord of bitterness,
This cup of sweetness fills me with distress
And Thy delights encompass me with fear!
So safe am I in arms of cruel pain,
So wed to Thee when sorrow doth enchain,
But ah! I faint with dread when Heaven is near.

Come trembling soul, rest in My sweet delight
When thou dost fear I clasp thee in My might,
None shall deceive the timid heart and blest
That fearest joy and doth in anguish rest!

A. DE LA MADRE DE DIOS.

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THE CATHEDRAL DRIVE AND CHRISTIAN UNITY—AN ANGLICAN VIEW

By CHARLES C. MARSHALL

PROGRESS toward that ultimate unity of Christendom, now so generally the subject of religious solicitude, is dependent, to a great extent, on the intelligence of the public mind touching the problems involved. Whatever adds to the all-prevailing confusion of mind and general obscurantism in matters religious is to be peculiarly deplored because it builds higher one of the great obstacles to that Christian rapprochement and common understanding which if it be not unity must necessarily precede it.

The construction of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine should have conveyed to the public mind, as nothing else could, that the Anglican church claims to share Catholic life with the Latin and Greek churches; that it, like them, is based on the episcopate as apostolic, the creeds as authoritative and unalterable, the sacraments as supernatural means of grace, and the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist as divinely true. The Cathedral with its bishop's throne, and its seven chapels with as many altars of incomparable splendor about the high altar, signifies all this, and can signify nothing less. The very stones speak definitely of that faith professed by the Church of England since Augustine set foot at Canterbury, however through historical accident its profession may at times have been corrupted by Calvinism and dominated by a relentless Erastianism.

All clear conceptions of these great truths in the popular mind the "drive" for the Cathedral has largely obliterated. It is doubtless true that the larger number of the contributors, relying on the propaganda put forth in the drive, could not have given an intelligent statement of what a cathedral church historically and doctrinally is. To great numbers it became known not as the centre of Catholic and sacramental life, but as a place where Chinamen had celebrated the foundation of the Chinese republic and where political and civic gatherings of analogous import could be held in the future.

In thus confusing the popular mind, the Cathedral drive has dealt a severe blow to the progress of Christian unity; and the hopes for a Catholic rapprochement roused by the tolerant words of the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the unofficial conferences at Malines are for the time being darkened.

The unhappy factors of the drive are found, not in the declaration that the new cathedral is to be a house of prayer for all people: every church is that—nor in the reception of gifts from all kinds of people: gifts for a good purpose may be accepted from any lawful source. Neither are they found in the proposition that some of the trustees should be sectarians: there are worse things than sectarian trustees holding the mere temporalities of the church for the church's purpose. The unhappy factors are found in certain declarations and acts which are irreconcilable with Episcopalian claims to Catholicity, and which must inspire in the minds of all thinking men doubt, either of the intellectual soundness or moral good faith of those responsible for them.

So far as the public is concerned, the keynote of the Cathedral drive was sounded, and the platform of the movement laid down, in the mass meeting held at Madison Square Garden on January 18. A very large number in the vast audience were Episcopalians, and the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, under whose leadership the meeting was held, was the leading personality on the platform.

The chairman of the meeting, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, asserted, at the opening, that the vast audience represented not one church but all the churches, not Christianity alone but also the millions in the world who worshipped the Supreme God after other creeds. These, Mr. Roosevelt declared, "are the Cathedral." Had this incorporation of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and other religions alien to Christianity, in the Cathedral scheme, been met on the spot with rebuke or remonstrance from the great number of Episcopalians present, the speakers following Mr. Roosevelt would never have ventured to commit the Cathedral project, the great audience, and Bishop Manning himself to the development expressed by Mr. Frayne in his advocacy of an understanding among all irrespective of creed; and by Judge Tompkins in his declaration that the platform of Free-Masonry had no particular creed, and that upon that common platform all could stand.

No less anti-Catholic were Mr. Root's remarks maintaining that all were agreed on the vital truths of the spirit and that differences concerned only material things and non-essentials. Mr. Root spoke obviously as a sectarian, for none other could relegate the Catholic sacraments and the apostolic episcopate (which are the chief subjects of controversy) to non-essential differences or material things.

There was no dissent. The audience enthusiastically applauded, and yet these speeches, in words, committed those present and the Cathedral project, to propositions abhorrent to Catholic faith and irreconcilable to Catholic life.

Thus, in the beginning of the drive, ample cause was given for the widespread impression that the

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Cathedral somehow had been shifted from the foundations defined in the Episcopalian formularies, and that so far from standing for a definite Catholic faith, it really stood for no particular faith whatever.

This impression was greatly enhanced by other incidents. From the beginning, Bishop Manning had made Mr. Root the prominent figure. Some two years ago at the meeting called by Bishop Manning at Carnegie Hall to launch the Cathedral enterprise, Mr. Root was the chief speaker. The rest is too recent to require restatement. To the popular mind, Mr. Root was known as an able lawyer, but no one had associated him with Catholic life or views. It was generally stated that he was by profession a Presbyterian. The public mind knew enough of religious history to know that if Mr. Root was loyal to Presbyterianism, then he must deny that Bishop Manning was, in the Catholic sense (the Episcopal prayer book sense) a bishop. Presbyterians do not accept the episcopate, least of all the apostolic episcopate. To the popular mind in New York, it was, to say the least, confusing to see side by side, pleading for the building of a cathedral church—an ecclesiastic who claimed to be of the apostolic episcopate, and his chosen coadjutor, a distinguished citizen of an opposing faith who presumably did not believe there was or could be any such thing.

The confusion was further increased by the wide and official advertisement that Lutheran, Baptist, Congregational and Methodist ministers had preached in the Cathedral on special occasions; and by Bishop Manning's assurance that he was arranging for four services in the Cathedral during this Lent to be conducted by such ministers. The public mind was, of course, unconscious of the shadowy distinction, sometimes meticulously made, between preaching in the pulpit and administering sacraments at the altar. To sectarians, who do not accept the Catholic view of the sacraments, the ministry of the word makes up the larger part of the Church's effective administration. Hence the use of an Episcopalian pulpit, in their mind, concedes everything essential and wipes out the line between sectarian and Episcopalian.

It is, of course, well-known to the initiated that Canon Twenty-Three of the Episcopal church forbids persons, not duly licensed or ordained therefor, to minister in that church, but provides that this shall not prevent a bishop from giving permission to Christian men not ministers in that church to make addresses in it on special occasions. "Special occasions" are not defined. It is difficult to understand how such a mere proviso can be regarded by a bishop as justifying him in creating special occasions for the preaching in the Cathedral pulpit, by ministers of religious bodies which by all the teaching, doctrine and formularies of the Episcopal church are heretical. A canon, even if it affirmatively imposed on a bishop such a duty, might well be regarded by him as violating Catholic truth and doctrine and as, therefore, unconstitutional and void. But strange as it may seem, bishops seek authority in Canon Twenty-Three for placing in the pulpit those who deny in its fullness the faith of the church and repudiate the very office of bishop. The result on the mind of the immature, the uninformed, and the thoughtless is destructive of every notion of Catholicity and the popular mind is confirmed in its favorite view that one religion is as good as another —if people only mean well.

Further confusion has been created in the popular mind by Bishop Manning's published description of the Cathedral as "the common centre and rallying point for the forces of Protestanism." The forces of Protestantism in the popular mind are, either those that are opposed to all Catholicism, Anglican, Roman and Greek, or they are those forces that are opposed to certain alleged errors of Rome. In the one case the Cathedral would become the rallying point of all forces that were not Catholic, in the other of all forces that were not Roman. The situation in either case is equally subversive of the spirit of unity and equally absurd from the standpoint of Catholicity.

We are living in a democratic age. Whether we like it or not, our great questions will be settled at the bar of public opinion. It is of paramount importance, in the interest of Christian rapprochement, that the popular mind should be clarified touching the fundamental, historical and constitutional bases of the Episcopal church. The Cathedral drive, far from clarifying, has greatly confused. Episcopalians who believe in the Catholicity of their church must content themselves for the present with the fact that the body corporate has taken no action. The drive has been the work of individuals. Its errors have gained importance only through unlawful official action and the silence of those, who, recognizing the errors, have uttered neither remonstrance nor rebuke.

The hands of time, it is true, have been turned somewhat back from the hour that some day must strike for Christian unity. It will take many years to set right the misrepresentations and misconceptions that in the Cathedral episode have been spread abroad and confirmed—but Catholic truth, like the glacier, moves slowly, very slowly—but it moves.

Wisdom

Shall I find wisdom suddenly
After many years,
With a bright shawl on her head
And gold hoops in her ears?

Not a dull tired soul,
Sad and meek and low,
But warm-eyed and smiling—
Did you find her so?

LORETTA ROCHE.

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MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

VII. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MARRIAGE

By JAMES H. RYAN

MUCH of late has been written on the problems arising out of marriage, and particularly on divorce. That the problems are serious, no one can doubt. Our modern industrial civilization has created new avenues of approach to the question, and has begotten new reasons which account for the change in attitude of many people towards marriage. Higher standards of living, the economic independence of women, their political emancipation, the enfeeblement of spiritual authority are all reasons which explain the changed attitude towards marriage. These factors, and many more, need to be considered in attempting an understanding and evaluation of the modern theories regarding marriage. That they constitute a justification for these theories is quite another thing. In fact, one may dismiss off-hand most of these reasons in any discussion of marriage, since it is not as a theory of living that one professing Christianity must approach the consideration of the problem, but rather as a Christian theory of living. On this point there is little common ground for argument between a believer and a non-believer. We start from different poles. Is it any wonder then that we never reach the same conclusion?

Marriage is viewed by the Church in the double light of a contract and of a sacrament. This viewpoint is not divisive—that is to say, a marriage between Christians cannot be a contract without at the same time being a sacrament. It is both or neither. Nor is this doctrine the result of reasons adopted on other grounds than the definite statements of Christ Himself. Mrs. Gerould thinks the Church has been led to regard marriage as a sacrament because of the latter's leanings towards "asceticism." This writer suspects that the Church does not really believe in marriage at all. Compelled to give in to the conquering demands of the flesh, she sanctifies marriage by an ingenious compromise, calling it a sacrament and demanding of married people a degree of asceticism in their relations under penalty of not bestowing her blessing on their lives. Nothing is farther from the truth than this analysis of the position of the Catholic Church. As a matter of fact, asceticism has had little or nothing to do with her dogmatic teachings on marriage, and as long as writers continue to discuss marriage without asking what Jesus taught (it is so easy to find out what He taught) we can well expect all kinds of theories, except the true one, to be advanced as to why the Church has taken the position she now maintains.

What did Jesus teach about marriage? I know of no better way of expounding His doctrine than to present His own words, without gloss or comment—

> He Who made man from the beginning, made them male and female. And He said: For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife and they shall be two in one flesh. Therefore they are not now two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. . . . Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery.

St. Paul, interpreting the teachings of Christ, wrote—

> To them that are married, not I but the Lord commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife.

That Jesus fully appreciated the revolutionary import of His teachings is apparent from His condemnation of the Jewish practice of divorce. Moses had permitted divorce "by reason of the hardness of your hearts; but from the beginning it was not so." Jesus recalled mankind to the original practices regarding marriage. It was to be monogamous and indissoluble; the union of one man and woman till "death do them part."

Christianity has always seen in marriage something more than a union of the sexes. Saint Paul consecrated the mystic viewpoint when he called marriage a sacrament, a "mystery," that is, a mystic sign of the great union of Christ and His Church. In the face of this exegesis, no Christian body has had the hardihood to deny outright a certain sacramental character to the union of a baptized man and woman. Protestantism, loath as it is to view marriage as a sacrament in the technical sense of the word, looks upon it as a sort of minor sacrament, or at least throws about it a religious halo.

The Church, because of the words of Christ, has always taught that marriage is a sacrament. Of course, it is possible to question the accuracy of the Church's interpretation of the words of Christ, and many have questioned it. However, this interpretation is a matter of history. Anyone can assure himself of its historical continuity by consulting the Fathers of the Church from Ignatius, through Augustine and Ambrose, to the present reigning Pope. And if further proof were needed he may look into the teachings of any of the Oriental churches—which during the centuries, separated from the Church of Rome—and find in them convincing proof of the apostolic and

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widespread character of the traditional view of marriage as a sacrament.

Individualistic thinking has shifted the basis of the argument from its natural and long recognized foundations—the Sacred Scriptures—to a new base, that of sexual love. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton puts the modern thesis thus—"Where love is, there marriage is; where love is not, marriage has ceased to be." It is needless to say that there is no justification for this proposition either in historical Christian thinking or practice. "Love" is not a constituent element of marriage, no matter how praiseworthy an adjunct it may be. Neither does the absence of love at the moment of its ratification make void a marriage, or at any subsequent period in the life of the contract.

Love looms large in the relations of a married couple—this is as it should be. Its presence at all times is beyond the question desirable; its continued existence and cultivation during life, an almost necessary condition of a successful marriage. But the fact that one party to the marriage contract has ceased for any reason whatsoever to "love" the other does not void the marriage. Marriage licenses are not mere scraps of paper, to be torn up and violated on any pretext, even on the pretext that a man has ceased to love his wife. They represent solemn binding contracts which must be observed faithfully, just as every solemn contract involving mutual obligations and rights must be observed. A treaty of peace beween two nations cannot be scrapped without shocking the moral sense of every nation and entailing at the same time a lessening of the binding force of treaties the world over. So a marriage promise cannot be broken without doing serious injury to every married couple, and to the institution of marriage itself. It is precisely because the Church respects the sanctity of the contractual character of marriage that she insists upon the parties who marry living up to their promises, even when circumstances make the execution of the contract a very difficult thing.

I am quite sure that we in America over-emphasize the rôle which love is expected to play in marriage. Other nations do not give to love the preëminent place which we accord it; neither do they consider the so-called loveless marriage an unmixed evil, as we are likely to. Nor is this, as we are so often told, a mere question of legality consecrating and maintaining in force a contract from which the real binding force has disappeared. Neither the sacramental nor contractual character of Christian marriage, it must always be remembered, releases the contracting parties from doing their individual best to live up to the terms of their promises. Because marriage is a sacrament does not mean that it is a sort of enduring blessing which sanctifies the wicked and foolish things a married couple may do. Common sense is essential in a successful married life as it is in a successful business life. Fools make shipwreck of matrimony; they go into bankruptcy in business. And as the law strives to protect honest business from the knavery or stupidity of bankrupts, so the Church must protect honest husbands and wives from the selfishness and weakness of their mates, or of others who would jeopardize the indissoluble character of marriage by the attacks which they make upon it.

The romantic theory which sees marriage as a series of ecstatic sexual unions, to be dissolved when passion cools, has been popularized by novelists, short-story writers, and by the cinema. That a sound basis for a philosophy of marriage can ever be found in the hectic experiences of the honeymoon period is so incredibly childish that it scarcely merits analysis. Thousands, however, especially young women, so look upon marriage. Motivated by this flimsy view of life, is it any wonder that their marriages turn out a source of great unhappiness to them, or that they attempt to solve the conflicts which arise by the simple process of rationalizing their own false ideals? Marriage is a partnership. It should be a life-long one. Even the romantics desire as much for it. But this we can never hope it to be till men and women begin to look facts in the face, and to think what their relations must be, given certain facts. Viewed from any angle, the marriage philosophy of the movies is about as closely related to life itself as are the wildly impossible dramas which the cinema chooses to flash before our eyes. And as a matter of practical life, to substitute for the Christian view of marriage a philosophy born of the romantic writings of present-day novelists, is much like exchanging gold coins for useless German marks. As paper, marks may be beautiful enough; as money, their value is next to nil.

The Catholic doctrine on divorce is the logical conclusion of the teachings of the Church on marriage. In a valid marriage between Christians there can be no question of divorce, at least after the marriage has been consummated. Now, the basis, and the sole basis, for this doctrine is the teaching of Christ. It is not because of the social, economic, or religious effects, most of them evil by common consent, which follow in the wake of the family broken up by divorce that the Catholic Church forbids divorce, but because Jesus Himself forbade divorce.

The Gospels are explicit; Saint Paul's statement is beyond controversy.

The force of the biblical veto appears to some to be weakened by the exception noted in Matthew (XIX, 9) "except it be for fornication." No lasting antithesis, however, between the teachings of Christ as expounded by Matthew, and His teachings as found in Mark, Luke, and Paul need be acknowledged if we interpret, as the Church has done consistently, the exception noted by Saint Matthew to refer to the dismissal of an unfaithful wife, but without the dissolution of the marriage bond. This interpretation becomes a certainty when we compare our reading of Matthew with that other statement of the same Evangelist (V, 32)—

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"Whosoever shall put away his wife, excepting for the cause of fornication, maketh her to commit adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery." This latter text is clear. A wife may be dismissed for cause, in which case if she marry again, she commits sin. If she be dismissed without cause, the husband "maketh her to commit adultery." It seems to be beyond question, therefore, that divorce, whether with or without cause, does not destroy the indissoluble character of the previous marriage.

Although the Church does not recognize divorce for any reason whatsoever, it does permit a separation between husband and wife. This separation, without the right of re-marriage, is often justified and in some cases necessary. The Church, therefore, permits it for well-defined causes and with certain safeguards laid down in Canon law. Again, the Church sometimes declares a marriage invalid, but this declaration of nullity presupposes that the original marriage, because of some impediment, was not contracted validly. It is only in a wide and improper sense that such a declaration can be called a divorce. Cases of this kind, especially when the parties involved are well known, often give rise to the impression that under some circumstances the Catholic Church permits divorce. This is not so. Marriages declared null are not divorces for the simple reason that they never were marriages.

The doctrine of the Church on marriage and divorce may appear extreme—that depends more or less on the angle from which one views it. But no one can say with truth that she has not frankly and logically faced the issues involved, the Gospel teaching being what it is. If not officially, at least unofficially, she has always acknowledged her teaching on marriage to be a "hard doctrine." At the same time it is an attitude which has provoked the admiration of the spiritual-minded outside the fold, even when they were scarcely ready to accept her teachings on other subjects. This admiration is increased when one recalls that these teachings have come down from the apostolic ages, that they have stood the test of every kind of civilization, that every type of man has lived under them, and, in a great measure up to them, that even in this most complex period of the world's history the social value of the Gospel teaching on marriage cannot be questioned.

And there is little chance now of the Church changing her point of view.

Libertine and unbeliever alike may storm her gates in the name of greater personal freedom or of ethical broad-mindedness. It is not merely a question, as so many suppose, of moral intransigeance, of doctrinal inelasticity, or of failure to understand the needs of modern man. The Church can afford to backwater on her teachings regarding marriage and divorce only under pain of deliberate treason to Jesus Himself. And treason never pays, not even in this world.

The attitude of the Church on marriage is simple and straightforward. It is simple, being the product of clear-cut reasoning on the deliverances of the natural law, supplemented and confirmed by the no less clear-cut teachings of Christ Himself. It is straightforward, in the sense that the Church has stood without equivocation on her teachings as to what is the nature of Christian marriage and has declared these teachings as the only correct doctrine, assuming as a premise in the argument that the words of Christ possess divine authority. For marriage in the Catholic Church is a doctrine, not a theory. A Catholic may take a quite different attitude towards the Einstein theory of relativity than he may towards the Church's teaching on marriage. The former may be accepted or rejected as the reasons for or against the theory seem to one convincing. One cannot, however, reject the Church's teaching on matrimony under penalty of denying the correctness of her interpretation of the mind of Christ as regards this important element of the sacramental system which He founded. What the advocates of greater freedom in marriage relations fail to recognize is that the Church must maintain her own self respect if she wishes her followers to respect her. She does not crave popularity. But if she can attain it only by giving in to the whims of present-day society, we need have no fear of what her decision shall be. She will, and must, stand by the words of Jesus.

The Thirst of the Antelope

"... they gazed at this strange illusion, these phantom trees, these mocking semblances of cities that vanished as you reached them, and they gave to it a name—deer water, or the thirst of the antelope."

Mine was the thirst of the antelope
For the far-off horizons;
Dream-cities I builded with hope,
Mirages you gave me.

Dream-cities from waste, desert lands
Sprung fair to the vision
Beyond the grim stretch of the sands
Where the golden seas glistened.

Where the golden seas glistened I hailed
Your so splendid arising;
But the fire of your radiance failed
In the dawn's disillusion.

Now I know that somewhere a stream runs
And there, by its flowing,
You remember the coming of love,
And its sudden, strange going.

I know that somewhere a stream runs
And there, by its purling,
You think on the scattered dust
Of our passion, swift-whirling.

But you who had builded no visions,
What can it presage thee?
Mine was the thirst of the antelope—
And what shall assuage me?

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

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SAINT TERESA

By THOMAS L. MASSON

THERE are rare human beings whose genius sets them apart from any limitations, makes them peculiar and separate. Among the great women of the world Saint Teresa, born on March 28, 1515, was undoubtedly among the greatest. I write of her, not from the technical—if I may use such a term—standpoint of the Church, but from the standpoint of humanity. I can say of her that her life and her writings have influenced me more than that of any other human being.

I am known in America more as a professional humorist than anything else. For many years I was editor of America's chief humorous paper. I mention this, not because these facts are of any significance in themselves; their significance lies entirely in the one fact that I should have been attracted to Saint Teresa, and that over the lapse of so many generations, in one utterly removed from any formal religious training, Saint Teresa should have had such a large guidance. In a brief space I can but indicate the manner in which this remarkable woman has influenced me.

I am quite certain that I am not alone. I see many traces of her influence in the writings of contemporaries, especially in Great Britian. In a delightful book but recently published in this country, (Conversations in Ebury Street) George Moore, in his chapter on Tonk, his friend, writes as follows—

> 'Your words recall,' I interrupt, 'a page in the writings of Saint Teresa. She tells that the visits of the worldlings to the convent did not please the nuns, and that all the conversation, which might easily be supposed to be a welcome variety, was no variety at all but a vexation.' 'We listen to our relatives,' the Saint says, 'when they come to see us; we try to seem pleased or displeased at their tidings; but their tidings seem to us irrelevant, futile, and we are glad when they leave us, and our thoughts return to God and the eternal.'

Above all, Saint Teresa was human. While obedience with her was a passion, she was canonized more on account of her superb life than her practice. She had supreme genius; she would necessarily have risen above any limitation. Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, thus writes of her—

> The life of Saint Teresa is more interesting than her teaching. She had all the best qualities of her noble Castilian ancestors — simplicity, straightforwardness, and dauntless courage; and the record of her self-denying life is enlivened by numerous flashes of humor, which makes her character more lovable.

I cannot agree with this able scholar that Saint Teresa's life is more interesting than her teaching—that is to say, in the sense which I take it he means—namely, that her teaching is not interesting. The fact is that, if we consider her merely as a psychologist, among all women, and indeed among all men, she has had few, if any, superiors. Her power of analysis was characterized by that union of humor and insight, of clarity, of directness, all of which can only, in combination, be expressed through the highest genius. To pick up any one of her books and read at any place, is to be transported immediately into a higher world; her style is like pure gold. And the reason for this is not far to seek. It can be explained by a simple comparison.

One of the underlying faults of the writing of the present day—and this is true on both sides of the Atlantic—is the pervading spirit of compromise. We are so hedged about by rules, and paternalism generally, that very few of us are willing to state a fact baldly. This in its turn is due to our political history, which, from its inception has proceeded by a series of compromises. It was only the other day that I took one of our most prominent writers to task for "hedging" in his critical estimate of a certain evil. He replied immediately in words like these—"What can you expect? On the ——— I have to be careful. I cannot write as I should like to."

We see the effect of these restrictions everywhere. Furthermore, we must remember, that in some form, they have always been present. Nothing but genius can surmount them.

The enormous value of Saint Teresa, as a guide to conduct, lies in her spirit of non-compromise. In her Way of Perfection she exclaims—

> . . . Everything depends on people having a great and a most resolute determination never to halt until they reach their journey's end, happen what may, whatever the consequences are, cost what it will, let who blame them, whether they reach the goal or die in the road.

In her youth, she was passionately attached to her family, and in particular to her brother. From this attachment to the time when she began her Foundations, those who care to trace her life through her writings will acquire more direct knowledge of the human soul than from any other source I can name. I pass over her visions, the purely mystical side of her life, and desire here only to emphasize her sanity, her practical mind, and above all, her understanding of love. In her Foundations she declares—

> . . . The good of the soul does not consist in its thinking much, but in its loving much. And if you were to ask how is this love to be had, my answer is, by a good resolu-

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tion to do and suffer for God, and by carrying out that resolution into act whenever the opportunity occurs.

Evelyn Underhill, in quoting Saint Teresa's remark—"Let me suffer or die," writes—

> A strange alternative in the ears of common sense, but a forced option in the spiritual sphere. However harsh its form, however painful the activities to which it spurs him, the mystic recognizes in this break-up of his old universe an essential part of the Great Work; and the act in which he turns to it is an act of love no less than faith.

We may ask ourselves, as in this spring season we commemorate her birth as one of the greatest of contemplatives, how she differs essentially from other mystics; how, in especial, does she differ from Saint Augustine, for it was through him that she experienced her conversion. Both were practical.

It is difficult to put into words this difference. It may seem strange to state that Teresa had charm; that quality alone sets her apart. She was more intensely a woman than any woman I have ever known or read of. Her critical faculty, developed to an extraordinary degree, was kept in line with her boundless ardor, with her capacity for love, and it would seem as if all the qualities which go to make a woman, as apart from a man, had thus been exalted. To read her writings and study her life is to comprehend all things worth knowing, or shall I say, worth feeling.

The difference between her attitude toward the material world and the attitude of so many others, lies in the fact that she not only discarded it, but she knew it; that is, she had uncovered it, had found it out. We have lately come to understand, through the rigid investigations and researches of scientists, the nothingness of matter. By this I mean that matter is now considered scientifically as consisting solely of electrons, and these electrons have their places in the atomic scale; thus all that is visible, when attenuated becomes invisible. Furthermore, we are coming to understand, more and more, that not only matter itself, but all that comes from matter, if left to itself is destructive; it is fleeting, ephemeral, tends to go out. Saint Teresa understood this long ago, through her sufferings, which had given her true vision. In her Way of Perfection, she writes—

> Never try to sustain yourselves by any human artifice, or you will perish of famine as you deserve. . . if He is pleased with you, those who like you least will give you food against their will, as you have learnt by experience... To calculate what we shall receive from others seems to me like reckoning up their riches, and all your care will not change their minds nor make them wish to give you alms.

This is not alone the best religion, but it is grand common sense. It might easily be used as a maxim for business success. Here again she exclaims—"I affirm that whoever despises all earthly goods holds dominion over them." Her further opinion about relatives is thus given—

> Yet I have learnt from experience, both in my own case and that of others, that (with the exception of parents, who only in very rare cases refuse succor to their children) when I have been in need, my own kith and kin have helped me least of all.

Her attitude toward vocal prayer seems to have been misunderstood by those who have not read her closely. It is said that she advocated vocal prayer. She did. But she discriminates. She writes—"Therefore, sisters, practise mental prayer, and if you cannot manage that, then vocal prayer."

Her observations about men were fundamental. For instance—

> Take no notice of the warnings people give you or the dangers they suggest. It is absurd to suppose that one could travel along a road full of bandits to reach a costly treasure without running any risk. Men of the world think happiness consists in journeying peacefully through life, yet for the sake of gaining a farthing they will sacrifice their sleep night after night, and leave other people no peace of mind.

Certainly there has been no better definition than that of the tired business man. Her manner of expressing herself has all the marks of genius, for she always knows how to say a true thing with such charm that it appears new—and this, I may say, is quite invaluable, because our failures in this life are almost altogether due to our inability to see old truths. Thus she writes of God being within us—

> It is of no slight importance for a soul given to wandering thoughts to realize this truth and to see that it has no need to go to Heaven in order to speak to the eternal Father or to enjoy His company: nor is it required to raise the voice to address Him, for He hears every whisper, however low. We are not forced to take wings to find Him, but have only to seek solitude and to look within ourselves. You need not be overwhelmed with confusion before so kind a Guest, but, with utter humility, talk to Him as to your Father; ask for what you want as from a father: tell Him your sorrows and beg Him for relief, realizing at the same time that you are unworthy to be called His daughter.

It would be possible to go on at length with these penetrating declarations which get at the heart of reality. I can only refer the reader to the following slight bibliography—

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WHERE IS AMERICA?

By BERNARD G. RICHARDS

"WHERE is America?" asked Keidansky, as he looked up from the pages of a popular magazine.

I gazed at him in astonishment. He hastened to remove my perplexity by explaining.

"I mean," he said, "the America that is described in these magazines, the beautiful, adventurous, playful, happy, toil-free and toy-like country that they tell about in these stories of fiction. It would seem as if it was the far-off golden and alluring land which many of us immigrants dreamed about long before we came here and for which we have been searching ever since we landed. It appears to me as though we were at last given a glimpse, a literary reflection, of the marvelous land—but where is the country itself? The land without misery, without squalor and corruption, the country free from oppressive toil and degrading poverty, the land of perpetual sunshine and ceaseless song. I had been searching for it all the time, seeking it in vain. And here at last I see it described so graphically, so vividly and with such fascinating detail. Where then is this, this fairyland America? It must be somewhere on the American continent. Surely the writers have seen with their own eyes the charming scenes they describe. Otherwise how could they depict it so vividly and with such minute detail? Perhaps it is the Tenth, or the Last America?"

I continued to look puzzled, and my friend, deliberately choosing his words, proceeded slowly to make himself clear.

"It is this way," he said, "in my native little village in Lithuania we cherished many strange and romantic notions of far-off America, and in the dreams and visions of the land of Columbus which we spun out of our faith and ignorance, we divided the nebulous country into different parts or different America. If a man who left us for the far country landed at the nearest port, we said that he was in the First America. If another man went to Boston or Baltimore, his relatives, on receipt of the first letter, announced proudly that he had settled in the Second or Third America, and if one reached as far as Cleveland, or Chicago, his kinsmen and friends left at home promptly made known his discovery of the Fourth or Fifth America—as the case may have been. And so things went on; and though few emigrants, in those days, traveled further than the eastern ports, we, after a while, learned of as many as nine cities or countries, and on first hearing the name of San Francisco we duly proclaimed the existence of the Tenth America. Oh! the thrill that came with the thought of that misty, hazy, inconceivably distant, almost impenetrable and beautifully named land of San Francisco, the Tenth America, where Russian blizzards were never known, where oranges grew and where flowers bloomed all year around.

"All of the Americas were regarded by us with the utmost awe and we attributed to them all manner of wonder. Blessed with provincial old-world naïveté of the purest quality, we endowed the America or the Americas with miraculous powers. We believed that here things came to pass as easily as if by the touch of the magician's wand. Somehow we could not associate the dreamland with the ugly and bitter realities of our immediate surroundings, which we longed to escape. So it was many a jolt and jar which we experienced, when, fresh from Castle Garden, we were pitched into the hideous slums. We were shocked and dazed and bewildered; we rubbed our eyes, and like the overcome heroine in the melodrama, each one of us asked—'Where am I?' Hence the pronounced disapproval of Columbus's achievement which has found its way into immigrant phraseology, and hence the many other expressions of disillusionment and pain which have been uttered here in a dozen foreign languages. But that is a long story in itself, and few will want to listen to it so long as there is talk of a literacy test and the bugbear of the hyphen still rises before us.

"The America which we found here was in so many instances not the same as that for which we yearned, and we often felt as if our voyage had been misdirected and we landed at the wrong shore. We not only had to adapt ourselves physically to new surroundings, but also to readjust ourselves mentally to ideas that were very much at variance with our early, or preconceived, notions. But migrant man soon accustoms himself to everything, and the mellow years come and bring sweet reasonableness to our ideals and contentment. But long after we realized that dreams seldom or never come true—at least not in the forms in which they first appear to us—many of us were still haunted by the iridescent gleam that beckoned us from the distance. And some of us continued to wonder, to question and to search.

"For myself, I like to read stories and as soon as I acquired a pretty fair knowledge of the language, I formed the habit of reading the popular magazines. A new, a newer world suddenly revealed itself to me and I was fascinated. Here was a land full of playfulness and fun, of bewitching mysteries and the most wonderful coincidences. Things happened exactly as they should happen, and always at the right moment. And oh, everybody had so much time! Nobody worked, and everybody—or nearly everybody—made love. What fine, dashing, daring and plucky and all-

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conquering youths, and what winsome, winning, blithesome, athletic and adventuresome maidens. You know those tall, well-poised blue-eyed, comrade-like girls—their pictures always appear on the covers of the magazines. Then the stalwart, steel-gray, self-possessed, and—what do you call it?—nonchalant, elderly gentlemen, who as uncles, or cousins or just friends, are always playing golf or hunting or yachting somewhere near, and always appear at the proper moment to either encourage the young men and extricate them from trouble, or bestow fortunes upon the girls. There are also the most loving and tolerant fathers, the most reasonable and forgiving mothers, the most benign and beneficent aunts, who are just dying to sacrifice themselves to make perfectly happy people jump for joy.

"Life is so full of pleasant, expected surprises, and everything ends so happily. The grime and murk of the city, the foul air, the grinding labor, the human wreckage—there is none of that in the land of fiction stories. There are only faint suggestions of work and business; some of the people seem to have offices that they telegraph to, and own factories that yield great profits; but these are far away and there is nothing near to suggest any hardship or privation. The only laborers around are the engineers and the other railwaymen on the trains which carry the eloping couples, and the caddies on the golf links. There are also the waiters and other helpers at the fashionable hotels; but these move with the ease of wax figures and perform their tasks with the playfulness of moving picture actors. They are mere accessories to the scene. Or else they are the supers in the thrilling melodrama with its multitude of complications which enfolds itself before us.

"We often meet now and then some quaint characters such as blacksmiths, cobblers, wood-choppers, farmers, who are reputed to be working with their hands for a living, but we never see these men actually working, painfully struggling with their tasks, weary and exhausted, suffering beyond the point of endurance. They do not come forward to do actual work. They merely appear to enact definite rôles in the stories. They have no time to work; they have to play, to get themselves entangled in complicated situations, and then get themselves disentangled again. If the farmer would go to the fields and dig up his potatoes, or go back of his house to clean his stable, the action would have to be delayed and it would be all up with the story.

"The unattractive sights in the back of the farm are never shown, anyway. Only the pretty, painted front, with climbing vines and multi-colored flowers is made visible. And it is so with all the country scenes and with the miles of beautiful villas and long streets of peaceful suburban homes trimmed with North Carolina cypress and decorated with red leather in accordance with descriptions in the magazine advertisements, and filled with happy, care-free people whose cellars are never flooded and whose attic windows are never blown off by the wind. Yet the cellar is there, and the plumbing always gets out of order, and the roof soon leaks, and a thousand and one vexatious things happen. I tried to escape the city flats myself and I ran into—oh! such a big mortgage, and such high taxes, and so many assessments, and such numerous repairs and heart-aches and difficulties and disappointments.

"It is surely a different America that is the scene of action of all these delightful magazine stories. The action is entirely out of joint with my experiences of America and with the experiences of so many other immigrants. It is of course a joy to be transported at least for one evening into a land wherein people never suffer and only weep tears of joy. But it is at the same time also tantalizing to think that one cannot live actually and permanently in the transcendent territory, which is free from all the sufferings of the people as well as from the problems which these sufferings constitute. And we immigrants come very close to the problems; often we are ourselves the problems. We are doubly disinherited; we are excessively exploited; we are the first prey and choicest morsels of the hyena of political corruption. But we have much company in the misery which we do not love, and together with all other classes of the poor, the native Americans, who have been here for a long time and who have shamefully neglected the opportunity of becoming millionaires, and those who have come later and have lost no chance to dodge success—we are all confronted with difficulties and tribulations without end. Of course, we have our satisfactions and pleasures, and the doubtful joy of the uncertain struggle is always ours.

But these things too are different from what obtains in the magic-lantern land that I have been reading about. Our few joys are always interspersed with many sorrows and our meagre comforts are disturbed by a gnawing sense of fear, by the oppressive uncertainty of tomorrow and the day after. I say nothing about the dramatic episodes, the frustrated hopes, the wasted loves, the defeated efforts, the loss of life and limb and the decline of human faculties—the little tragedies, which too, could be woven into stories, and which are to my knowledge almost never described.

"But such things do not happen in the land about which these stories are written. There is no shadow there, for there is none reflected in the popular magazine tale. It is a happy country indeed, and I ask again —'Where is America, where is this land of fiction?' "

"Alas," I answered, "it is only a fictitious land. At any rate, I do not know much about it for I am a stranger in the new world myself. Perhaps some all-wise native American, or some omniscient story-writer, just returned from Fictitia will be able to give the real answer."

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Cape Smoke

MELODRAMA can be exceedingly good entertainment if you are not a victim of that modern epidemic known as sophistication. The sophisticate, of course, prefers melancholia-drama, which (to divulge state secrets) is very much the same thing as melodrama. The chief difference is in the place where the action takes place. In melodrama the shooting and the fighting and the villainies are all in plain view. In the sophisticate version, they are all or mostly inside the minds of the characters. It is the same distinction we find in the divorce courts, where the plea of "mental cruelty" has become almost as common as wife-beating and china-throwing. The sophisticate seems to demand a surface refinement for his complete delight, but underneath the gilding and the smooth surfaces, the substance of what he enjoys is pretty much the same as the substance of old fashioned melodrama.

I do not mean in any way to disparage the drama of inward as against outward action. Both have their value. But I do think it is a bit unfair of the sophisticate to use melodrama as a word of contempt when the plays he himself prefers have exactly the same dramatic basis. You can take the most objective melodrama ever written, and by the simple process of regarding it as an allegory convert it into a story of the mind. Mr. Lawson's Processional was full of melodramatic action, so much so that many of the critics refused to accord it any "modern" importance. Yet once accepted as an allegory it becomes a very profound and moving study of the soul of America today. My quarrel, therefore, is not with the play of subjective action, but with the attitude of certain critics and a certain part of the theatre-going public who affect a superiority which they could not, if put to it, defend.

Now Cape Smoke is not a great melodrama. Nor does it justify the effort to frame it as an important allegory. But it is rattling good entertainment, sufficiently well written and well constructed to merit respect, and packed full of frontier action. One is considerably handicapped in writing about it because of the fact that there is a surprise in the last act which the management requests everyone to "refrain from divulging." This surprise so alters the whole dramatic emphasis as to make any recounting of the first part misleading and futile. The action is laid in Africa in a settlement known as Cape Smoke. Three Britishers are trying to obtain sufficient money to take them back to white man's territory, and land on the idea of selling a worthless option on a diamond mine to a wealthy young Texan who visits the colony. Not the least of the thrills in which this play abounds is afforded by the action of an African witch doctor. As I said, if you are not a sophisticate, you will find the climax of the second act, during an African thunder storm, about as stirring as melodrama can well be without becoming ridiculous. And don't forget that James Rennie is in the cast. He is about the one man, next to George Abbott, who can make a melodramatic hero plausible. And that is higher praise than it seems.

James Joyce's Exiles

JOYCE the playwright is hardly known at all. In this respect his reputation must for the time being depend on Exiles —a play whose analysis demands not only patience and a desire to understand but also more than one hearing. The production given it by that highly talented organization, The Neighborhood Playhouse, is one of rare beauty and restraint and well calculated to bring out for good or for bad the essence of the play with clarity and strength. Yet the sequence of mood and conflict is so swift and insistent, the relation, as in Ibsen, is so close between each phrase and segment of the construction, that for hours after seeing it, one is forced to think back to brief phrases and allusions of the first act to find an intelligible explanation of the third. This is as it should be in any well constructed play, but the difficulty lies in an obvious conflict and confusion in Joyce's own mind. He can not, it seems to me, be thoroughly clear in what he wishes to convey. He is as much the apostle of doubt as Ibsen was the apostle of idealism or conviction. And this sense of the author's own pervading doubt carries through distressingly to the audience.

The theme which must have been uppermost in his mind is approximately this: when a man whose vital energy is most highly concentrated in his thoughts, has lived for twelve years with a woman whose loyalty and devotion are expressed chiefly by instinct and feeling, is he capable of deriving happiness from the union or is he doomed to an exile in an island of his own thoughts? Richard Rowan is the man, a writer, and Bertha is his common law wife. They have an eight year old son, an intimate friend, Robert Hand, the journalist, and a cousin, Beatrice Justice who is the boy's music teacher. Beatrice gives Richard an almost complete mental devotion and no more. Bertha gives him everything of which she is capable—her body and soul. Robert Hand gives him a curious combination of mental allegiance and physical disloyalty—for he comes like the proverbial thief in the night to steal Bertha's love, if he can.

There is no deceit in Bertha. All that she gives, she gives simply and forthrightly, without concealment. She tells Richard, at every stage of Robert's advances, expecting and hoping that somewhere within him Richard's male instinct will rise, claim her for his own and conquer. But Richard is a man who tortures himself with analysis of his own emotions, or what he thinks they ought to be. If the mating instinct is in him, he has so repressed it with cold austere thought as to become emasculate. He wants Bertha to choose freely between himself and Robert. He takes not the man's but the woman's rôle. He will not fight for his own, even mentally. In the hour of her need and temptation, he will not extend Bertha a helping hand, but practically drives her into intimacy with the man from whom she wants to be rescued. Then, when she returns to him, and for the first time does not tell him the truth, he senses the lie but cannot prove it. He sees himself doomed to a life of torturing doubt while Bertha calls upon him desperately to come back to her once more as her strange and wild lover. He becomes a self-condemned exile.

Just how clearly Joyce himself sees the problem he has presented is difficult to surmise. But this much is true: it is a very common problem of the so-called modern man. It is a variant, in modern terms and presentation, of Hamlet, the male of indecisive will and feminine instincts, unable to free himself from the bonds created by his own nature and environment. Richard Rowan complains bitterly that his own mother never understood him. He then faces the same situation with

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his wife. His father understood him better, at least mentally, and in Robert Hand we find his father's type reincarnated. Rowan as a man of forty is living over again the struggle of his childhood, and is utterly unable to meet it. His is the pitiful story of the full grown being, with the adult's endowment of mind, groping still in the confused instincts of childhood, as much puzzled and isolated by the conflict about him as the child who sees a conflict between its parents. Rowan wants Bertha and Robert to settle his fate for him as a child might expect his parents to resolve its fate. Take this story, then, as the child's instincts in the mentality of a man, and you come, I believe, fairly close to the torturing problem which Joyce has disclosed.

It is only fitting to add that in this most difficult of acting pieces, the cast selected by the Neighborhood Players is supremely good. Ian Maclaren has caught the full inwardness of Rowan and added to the tragedy by an outward show of masculinity. Bertha becomes a clear-cut type of both mother and instinctive, ever-seeking wife in the hands of Phyllis Joyce. Malcolm Fasset as Robert Hand and Dorothy Sands as the cerebral Beatrice Justice show rare insight and restraint. None of the characters, except perhaps Bertha, is sympathetic, and it is to the actors' great credit that they have not sought, even once, to bring to the parts other qualities than those Joyce wrote into them.

The external theme obviously conveys the modern unhealthy idea that marriage—for so far as the substance of the play goes Bertha and Richard are in a marriage relation—is purely a contract to endure only as long as passion or mental tolerance and complete understanding endure. But the inward problem is one of character and the conflict of types. This is the chief interest of a play that will be popular only with those who are themselves adrift in doubt and who welcome a fellow passenger on a rudderless boat. It is a play for students of mental turmoil, and decidedly dangerous if accepted literally by the general public.

When Choosing Your Plays

Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
Candida—Splendid acting.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
Loggerheads—A delightful tragi-comedy of Irish life.
The Dark Angel—A play of atonement and self-sacrifice.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
Michel Auclair—A delightful drama of French provincial life, poetic and beautifully acted.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
She Had to Know—A few clever lines and Grace George wasted on a very silly and unhealthy plot. Reviewed next week.

A COMMUNICATION

THE ORTHODOXY OF COLUMNS

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The cry of heresy rarely adds weight to an argument, and Dr. Coakley in his reply to my letter, raises this cry, albeit it is but architectural heresy of which I am accused. I am glad to find him so completely in agreement with me when he advocates columns "wheresoever good engineering practice suggests their use." I only pointed out their uselessness when structural conditions did not make them necessary. I must take him to task, however, for a lack of accuracy.

The column and lintel construction is the basis of all architecture preceding the Roman. This was not due to choice, but because the post and lintel wood construction, from which the columnar stone architecture was developed, was the only roofing construction known. The Byzantine was a domical and pier style. Columns were incidental and decorative elements—not essential ones. In the Gothic, the column disappears almost entirely except as a playful element in clerestory arcades, or in door jambs, where it occupies the decorative position of a moulding, which in fact was often used in its stead. The Gothic was a pier and vault architecture, *not* a columnar one.

Both Dr. Coakley and Mr. Oliver Reagan in their replies to my letter make able use of the reductio ad absurdum, with the result that they read into my letter statements foreign to its context. In the case of Dr. Coakley I am accused of recommending a church resembling a train shed or a nickelodeon, whatever the latter may be. Mr. Reagan flattens my argument by picturing a building conforming to what he states are my ideas, as resembling a possible fraternal society hall. It would seem that they fall into the error of supposing that the limits of their own architectural imaginations define the limits of the artist working in architecture.

All vital historic architectures have been developed around practical and current systems of roofing spaces. The approach was in all cases practical and not sentimental. The architectural forms—columns in the columnar architecture, and arches in the vaulted architectures—were resultants; not conceived initially as artistic forms, but as practical ones which the artist made beautiful. This is what I mean when I state that the basis of all the vital styles of architecture is materialistic.

The point I wished to emphasize was that steel is usually used for roofing our churches and, that being the case, its use should be an honest one. The broad shallow church has come to stay because it has the virtue of being practical for use. To then fill this space with columns that are of no use, is not honest—nor does it show an appreciation of the problem of design involved in such a plan. This being so, why not do as Mr. Reagan advises when he states, "no matter what the material or construction may be, let its use be honest and unaffected." To make such a building artistic and churchly, necessarily requires thought and a measure of ability in design. Are we then to assume that our architects are unable to successfully grapple with such a problem because it is a new one? The difficulties of a problem are usually the measure of its result in beauty. The development of the Gothic is an instance in point. Its glorious progress was a virile overcoming of difficulties, not a side-stepping of them. We are of the twentieth century, and if we are to have an architecture it must be made of the materials of our time, spiritual and physical. If this be heresy, to paraphrase Patrick Henry, make the most of it.

BARRY BYRNE.

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BOOKS

The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson, by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

TO the student of American letters, the "case" of Emily Dickinson has long been a singularly alluring, and at the same time, a singularly perplexing one. It is of the essence of pedantry to seek for the solution of problems which do not exist: and it is possible that the case of Emily Dickinson is one of these. It is possible that the most highly-gifted woman in American literature was also the most complete recluse in our annals; for deep psychological reasons which would have been valid under any circumstances and in any age. It is possible that her unparalleled aversion to literary publicity—which had practically perfect success in keeping her out of print until after her death—was a genuinely temperamental matter, and not to be accounted for on the basis of any evidence we are now likely to get. Yet there is something in all this—if one's other knowledge of literary personality is of any weight—which has always strained credulity and fostered skepticism.

One could not easily reconcile this morbid and cloistral figure of the legend with the arrogant, racy, ironic, and almost Shakespearean Emily of the poems and letters. One has been tempted to wonder whether Taine's "milieu" and "moment" may not here too have had their relevance; and whether Emily may not have been but one more American artist "compensating" for the inadequacy of her environment.

Certainly the picture of that environment in Madame Bianchi's Life—henceforth indispensable to the student—is not one in which it is easy to adjust a wayward genius like Emily. Here we have the material with which to reconstruct that chill, stiff, intensely circumscribed Amherst setting of the middle of the last century—that setting into which Susan Gilbert, the wife of Emily's brother Austin, burst with such a blaze of unholy light. "Brought up by a Knickerbocker great-aunt in a more cosmopolitan atmosphere, Susan Gilbert's first celebration of Christmas in Amherst with wreaths of laurel in the windows almost upset the family apple-cart, and Emily's brother was accused by the scandalized Puritan neighbors of having married a Catholic."

Yet it was this dubious outsider who became at once Emily's most passionately-cherished friend and confidante, and the recipient, before the end, of a very large proportion of those scraps of great verse which she herself refused to give to the world. Was it that Susan Gilbert represented to her, in some quite vivid way, an intellectual climate freer and warmer than any she knew at first hand, but one to which she felt herself drawn with an almost tidal pull? She seems, at any rate, to have felt herself an exile almost from the beginning, and to have given up (even in the twenties) the attempt to find nourishment in the life about her. She was just thirty when she wrote to her cousin, Louisa Norcross—"A land of frosts and zeros is not precisely the land for me."

Her immediate family were folk of the most unimpeachable respectability, her father a member of the governor's staff in his youth, a solid member of the Hampshire county bar, a pillar of the First Church, a congressman at one time from his district. For him Emily seems to have felt a profound, if curiously remote, regard; and on his side there seems to have been some bewilderment at finding himself the father of an Ariel. "Father's real life and mine," she wrote to Austin in 1852, "sometimes come into collision, but as yet escape unhurt." For two or three years in her girlhood he sent her to the seminary in South Hadley founded by Mary Lyon, partly for the purpose of "providing mates for the missionaries sent out to the foreign field." The experiment, one is not surprised to learn, was not entirely a success, and there are hints of some uneasiness on Edward Dickinson's part in the face of the question how to dispose of his inexplicable daughter. Her "real life," with its incredible intensity, must always have remained a sealed book not only to him, but to her "fluttering little mother, always timorous, always anxious," and to her practical sister Vinnie. We have Madame Bianchi's word for it that she "never told her family of her writing," and "never showed what she wrote to them." Well, if Blake had been born in Amherst and in such a household, who can say whether he might not have taken to the privacy of his room as prematurely and as tenaciously as Emily did?

Was her shrinking from the strong light of literary exposure a measure of the difference between London in the eighteenth century and New England in the nineteenth?

I know there are those who, like Mr. Herbert Gorman, explain her long seclusion as a reaction from her disastrous love affair in Philadelphia. Certainly there is evidence in her poems and letters that that event was a volcanic one, and that its rumblings beneath the grassy surface of her life were never stilled. Yet it is difficult to resist the belief that in any atmosphere less stuffy, her social and intellectual talents—and they were of a "masculine" athleticism—would have fitted her for a rôle in the world which she could have played, in spite of her broken heart, with gaiety and distinction. The picture of her as merely a dragon-fly is, according to Madame Bianchi, at least in emphasis, a false one. Even as a girl she took a lively interest in politics and international questions, and "is said to have astonished some of her father's friends by her insight into men and affairs."

She hobnobbed as an intellectual equal with men like J. G. Holland, Samuel Bowles, and T. W. Higginson, and with women like Helen Hunt Jackson and Maria Whitney. Her correspondence with Colonel Higginson is a moving witness to her instinctive reachings out for literary contacts—though she quietly resisted his invitations to come to Boston and hear him lecture to the Woman's Club on the Greek goddesses!

Is there not something suggestive, too, in her intense interest in the literary women of England who were her contemporaries —Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and the Brontës, all of whom she mentions with a kind of poignant reverence? "Watching like a vulture for Walter Cross's life of his wife," she writes to Louisa and Fanny Norcross: and we are told that on the walls of her own room hung framed portraits of Mrs. Browning and George Eliot. These were women on whose plane she could have moved easily and naturally—she whose own countrymen were content with their Lucy Larcoms and Celia Thaxters!

The problem, however—if, as I said in the beginning, there is one—will probably never be solved to everyone's satisfaction. If, under happier circumstances, Emily Dickinson would have been a literary woman actively participating in the life of her contemporaries—animating and being animated by it—the fact remains that her genius found expression in its own way, and has made her indispensable to us. This is not the place to speak of her poetry, and I have left myself no space to speak of these priceless letters of hers. American literature is in the debt of Madame Bianchi for the piety and the skill with which she has collected and edited them, and given us, in the life of her aunt, the background without which we should read them only

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half understandingly. Read with it, Emily's letters are a revelation, only less precious than her poems, of a personality incomparably piquant and endlessly fascinating: she belongs now to the ages.

NEWTON ARVIN.

The Message of New Thought, by Abel L. Allen. New York: Robert McBride and Company. $2.00.

MR. ALLEN tells us that New Thought is not a "system" because "systems" do not "grow" while the mind does. All systems of thought in time become obsolete—therefore no complete or finished system of thought is possible. There is a "cosmic urge forever pushing and projecting man forward into higher physical, mental and spiritual development" through an evolutionary process so that "when thought changes, when the mind develops, when the understanding is enlarged, philosophies and religions must likewise change." This Mr. Allen regards as "a self-evident truth."

It is the fundamental idea of New Thought, as he understands it. Moreover, "self-evident" though it be, he finds proof of the impossibility of "fixed systems of thought, either philosophical or religious," in the fact that "they are not the same to any two persons but convey different meanings to each individual." Furthermore, "were it otherwise, were our ideas fixed and changeless, life would be intolerable and existence a sterile waste. It is the new conception that thrills the soul and broadens the understanding, as the influx of new life brings physical health and growth." Thus New Thought "may be said to possess one fixed creed, that of an eternal search for truth... It realizes that attainment of truth is a process of evolution, growth and attainment. . . . It recognizes that the universe is supported upon the enduring foundations of changeless principles and fixed laws, the result of an infinite and divine intelligence. It realizes also that man may grow into a knowledge and understanding of those principles and laws only as his conscious ideals grow from day to day. Its goal is the understanding of life, of man and a conscious unity of man with God. . . The adherents of New Thought worship the omnipresent God, the indwelling God in whom we live, move and have our being. They do not conceive of God as distant or separated from man, but as a universal spirit premeating all nature, finding its highest expression in man. . . To teach man to come into a conscious realization of the divinity within and the unity of God and man, so that out of the sublimity of his soul he can say with the Gentle Master, 'The Father and I are One,' is the supreme purpose and meaning of New Thought."

Mr. Allen quotes Mr. Henry Harrison Brown as saying—"Man is thus the absolute becoming cognizant of itself. Man is God thinking; elsewhere all creation is God working. . . Man is God individualized. . . The conscious man controls the God in man." Apparently the divinity in man is "subconscious," for the "subconscious mind within us is one and the same as the universal mind that produces all things in nature with which we are surrounded and which produces also ourselves. . . The individual soul is an undivided part of the cosmic or Divine Soul." As a "great teacher" has said—"the all of me is a part of the all of God," and another "great teacher" is quoted as saying—"the Potential God seeks expression in the evolution of man." (The adjective "potential" is illuminating!) And Dr. Henry Victor Morgan is quoted as "wisely" saying—"instead of God in three persons, Blessed Trinity, why not say God in all persons, blessed unity?" Again, Henry Harrison Brown says, "man is the only individuality among all the manifestations of God that can think—can say, 'I am. My power as an individual begins and ends with my power to create thought forms. These forms life takes as molds into which to flow and shape itself. This is the one and only great fact in human experience, the one fact which when understood will redeem the race from all slavery to matter and will give man control of his destiny. The great fact is by thought power to build ideals; man controls that subconscious divinity which he is. The conscious man controls the God in man.'"

From the foregoing it appears that New Thought, according to Mr. Allen, is a highly dogmatic pantheism—of a sort. God and the universe are one, God and man are one, man is God thinking, man can control God by thinking, and all—God, man and the universe—are perpetually evolving, and no such things as "permanent and fixed ideals" exist. All man has to do is to master the "subconscious," i.e., God within him, and he becomes master of all. God (shade of Aristotle!) is a "potential" God, slowly finding Himself in an evolutionary process. And so forth.

Whoever has aquaintance, however slight, with what the world's great thinkers, from Plato and Aristotle down to the present day, have had to say upon God and man, will, upon reading Mr. Allen's book, be the subject of many emotions. Of these one may be selected for mention. It is an abiding wonder that the author of The Message should—apparently—be so totally unaware of the "state of the question" as contained in what may be called "the minutes of previous meetings" (that is, the records of the past), that he has no glimmering of perception of the bog of metaphysical difficulties in which he has landed himself with his fundamental dogmas. A pantheistic "system"—Mr. Allen does not seem to realize that he is as systematic in his dogmas as any of the theologians he dislikes so much!—which is based on "changeless principles and fixed laws," product of "an infinite and divine intelligence," yet is ever evolving in a manner which admits of no "permanent and fixed ideals," in which man controls a "potential" God by conscious control of the subconscious and masters his own—and God's—destiny, can be compared only to a treatise on the New Thought of Differential Calculus written by someone who had never traveled beyond elementary algebra.

Running through Mr. Allen's book one culls therefrom the names of the world's "great thinkers" from whom he has derived light—Luther Burbank, Alexander V. G. Allen, Emerson, Walt Whitman—("Why," Mr. Allen asks, "should not God speak to Emerson as well as to Moses, or to Walt Whitman as well as to St. Paul?")—Addison, Carlyle, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Senator Ingalls, Christian D. Larson, Prentice Mulford, Edgar Lucien Larkin, Elmor Gates ("who has given the profoundest thought to the human mind"), Judge Troward, Victor Hugo, Henry Harrison Brown, John Burroughs, Eugene Ware, Dr. Frank Crane and Thomas A. Edison. One seems to miss from the list the names of Orison Swett Marden, Arthur Brisbane and Henry Ford!

How are we to account for a book like this being published and read by earnest people, as, no doubt, it will be? The author's sincerity of purpose is as manifest as it is pathetic, but are people today so totally ignorant of the laws of thought, of what the world has thought, and of the meaning of words, as to read this sort of thing? "New" it certainly is, in a sense—but "Thought" it certainly is not. It is material perhaps for the supra renal capsules, but not for the brain cortex.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

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Barrett Wendell and His Letters, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $4.50.

IT will be hardly necessary to inform New England readers that Barrett Wendell was for nearly forty years a teacher of English in Harvard University, and that by a sort of silent assent he was raised in literary and social circles to a unique position as arbiter of the letters and elegance of his time. For years the approving nod of Barrett Wendell was awaited by a large circle of Bostonians before declaring the success or failure of a new author, actor, painter or musician. The books he quoted, the concerts and theatres he attended, the picture exhibitions he approved became in a way the fashions of the hour upon which the ruler had smiled.

A simple little court it was, refined, chaste, amiably aristocratic, gently exclusive: the early shopkeeper and trader had passed into affluence, accumulated a sort of classic culture, far superior to what is common today, and was assuming in a half-elusive way the manorial air, the heraldried silver that was his, more or less, by ancestral right.

Barrett Wendell was of Boston birth, of "the better sort," to which he constantly refers throughout his lifetime; and connected with the best old families of the Massachusetts capital he had all the advantages, opportunities, and, we may say, disqualifications of New England. A well-balanced mind and character: a moderate scholarship: a gentle, honest heart: he established himself high in the opinion of his circle and his college, and won the affection of many noble-minded Americans.

That the scope of his sympathies was rather limited need hardly be gainsaid; his knowledge was intensive rather than universal, and his sympathies remained true to the standards and banners under which he had been reared: for instance, there is no reference to the new elements and nationalities that had swept around the old Boston Commons: only in two letters does he make such reference, as where, in writing to his daughter and his firend, F. J. Stimson, he reports a luncheon at which Theodore Roosevelt "expresses himself as anti-German: but seems unusually well-disposed to Irish Catholics,"—two elements equally distant, perhaps, from Mr. Wendell's circle and sympathies.

In traveling, these matters national and religious, took on a different angle. From Chamonix, July 6, 1905, Mr. Wendell writes—"The suppressed convents of France make me sentimentally Catholic. The Chartreuse, crammed with Sunday sightseers, almost converted me. So did the nuns at Moutiers on Sunday. European human nature (evidently quite different to Mr. Wendell from American human nature) can never find another religion so much to its needs. We Protestants are nobly wrong, like some drastic medicine which should do a body good by vexing his bowels. As for aggressive free-thinkers, they are socially poisonous. Unaggressive ones—like me—are just normal excretions, not worth the trouble of a prayer from the devout."

Like a brave captain on the deck of his ship, Barrett Wendell kept the flag of New England culture and decency in the face of the pirate hordes swarming over the sides of his little brig; he could be a strict disciplinarian and rigid in his opposition to whatever he disapproved. He was a fine gentleman of a disappearing school which we have good reason sincerely to regret.

THOMAS WALSH.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Grub Street Nights Entertainments, by J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THE actor who writes a play can usually be detected in the first act through the impressive moment and the liberal individuality of his puppets: the author writing of his own craftsmen suffers from a similar astigmatism and—verbi gratia—his puppets usually turn out to be wooden. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Squire has been on more felicitous ground before venturing to take his notes among his fellows of Grub Street. The literary obsession of importance that follows through these papers —The Man Who Kept a Diary, The Best Seller, The Man Who Wrote Free Verse, leaves a strange forced effect upon the unhallowed reader outside these "magic" circles. There is a further comment, more severe perhaps for Mr. Squire—these chapters are written too easily; they develop in too commonplace a manner; the detail is interesting enough, but the ends are trifling and tasteless. The Grub Street Nights Entertainment is a good enough book but not good enough as the work of a good author.

Our Tryst with Him, by Mgr. J. L. J. Kirlin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

A CHARMING style, and rich and fertile scholarship make of Our Tryst with Him a volume important among the spiritual productions of the season. The author of Our Hour with Him needs no introduction to devout readers more than the announcement that this new book is a companion to the older publication. There are contained in the present volume some very inspiring chapters on The Lord's Prayer that should profit a large circle of general readers; the studies on The Hail Mary are poetical essays of depth and loveliness; and the commentaries on The Seven Last Words are profound and touching evidences that we have among us still a spiritual writer whose work can bear comparison with the best of the sixteenth-century mystical poets.

Plumes, by Laurence Stallings. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

IN THIS, Laurence Stallings' first novel, he relates the after-war adventures of a crippled returned soldier. It is a hard luck story. His hero, one of the spoils of war, finds that patriotism is not consistent. Decidedly, this is no novel for the tender-minded. It is written with burning intensity and sympathetic understanding. It is a protest—but it is sane. The pathos of the novel is distinctly genuine; and it bitterness is not without restraint. But for all its terse and vivid writing, the narrative is choppy, and the ideas occasionally confusing.

Contemporary Godlessness, by John S. Zybura. St. Louis: B. Herder Company. $.60.

IN Contemporary Godlessness, Father Zybura declares that the true remedy for the ills of the world is to be found along the path which he traces so clearly: "the world will be healed when enough of the sons and daughters of mankind have applied the remedy to their own individual ailments to provide a sufficient number of the citizens of the 'City of God' on earth to regenerate the sickened body politic."

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Once upon a time," began Dr. Angelicus leisurely to Tittivillus, who was eagerly waiting open-mouthed for one of the Doctor's charming stories with which he sometimes delights the imp when they are alone together in the library.

"Once upon a time, or, if you prefer it, il y avait une fois—"

"Well begun," cried a voice from the open doorway. "Oh, for writers who begin their stories in that time-honored, dignified fashion," and a stranger, thus informally making his entrance, wearily removed his hat.

"Continue your story," he went on, as he pulled up a chair.

"Oh, it is of no importance," replied Dr. Angelicus politely. "Just a simple bed-time story for the boy here, and as it's not yet eight o'clock—obviously, 'the time is out of joint.' "

"Oh, for the simple bed-time stories," said the stranger sadly, as he pulled a sheaf of manuscripts from his pocket and gloomily surveyed them.

"What, are you an editor, also?" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Alas, yes," soberly replied the other. "I have the misfortune to be the editor of America's greatest all-fiction magazine."

"Not the Congressional Record?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

"Not quite as bad as that," confessed the stranger, "but anyway, now you understand my sigh of joy over your simple beginning of a story. You are the sort of writer I have been looking for."

"Oh, I can begin all my stories with 'once upon a time'—but to carry on with them as successfully—that is different. The beginning is simple," said Angelicus.

* * *

"My dear friend, the first attribute of talent is simplicity—the one thing our modern short-story writers seem to lack. For example, I will read you the openings of some stories I have here, submitted to me by ambitious young authors—openings which the truth compels me to admit, have kept me from reading their stories beyond the first sentence. Here is a beautifully-typed story, dressed in pearl grey paper and purple ink—obviously the work of a lady writer; but just hear how she sounds her own doom in the opening sentence." The stranger read—

" 'Mrs. Harris drew in a hissing breath and expelled it with a force that almost dislodged her prize pivot-tooth.' "

"That author evidently fancies the reckless type of heroine," said Angelicus—"a type most abhorrent to me personally."

"And here," continued the stranger, "is a story which opens with the sentence—

" 'Eliot Bryan had bullied his wife consistently up to the time that Death's bell-boy paged her.' "

"I wonder whether Eliot tipped the bell-boy," pondered Angelicus, morbidly.

"Now for an appetizing beginning we have the following," said the stranger, reading from another manuscript.

" 'Angeline stood washing the dirty lettuce before dinner.' Apparently this author has a food complex, for I see he has called his story, 'A Professor and Two Bananas.' Now, how can I continue my all-fiction magazine with stories like that?" asked the stranger, putting the manuscript down with another heavy sigh.

* * *

"You indeed have my sympathy, sir," said Dr. Angelicus. "My own greatest difficulty comes in trying to read the manu-

A Challenge Accepted!

In the interest of tolerance and understanding, THE FORUM, last month, began a discussion of the position of the Catholic Church in the United States. MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor of "The Commonweal," challenged Protestants and other non-Catholics to come out into the open and submit a specific bill of complaints against his Church.

In the April FORUM, JOHN JAY CHAPMAN answers the challenge. "Our man in the street," he declares, "has been murmuring and muttering long enough. He is the one that knows the subject at first hand. His daughter has married a Roman Catholic and he has felt the ruthless and cruel hand of the Church in domestic matters where heretics are concerned. . . . It is time for our intellectuals to come forward with their views on the subject. Can the mind of America absent itself from the joys of the counting house and club long enough to understand the ways of the Catholic Church?"

MR. CHAPMAN will in turn be answered in the May issue by DR. FREDERICK KINSMAN, formerly a Protestant Episcopal Bishop, now a Roman Catholic. The series is arousing much latent public interest in this important question.

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scripts that are written in long-hand. Modern penmanship is for me so undecipherable that I have given up trying to read it. I now turn such contributions over to Tittivillus and let him read them aloud to me. I think the boy has quite a flair for interpretation. He frequently can catch a meaning that is obscure even to me," said the Doctor, proudly beaming on Tittivillus. "Here, boy, read this story aloud to our visitor and let us see if he does not agree with me." Dr. Angelicus picked up a brown copy-book. "This particular author," he continued, "always pens his stories in an exercise book—I suppose because he thinks it good exercise for us to try to read them. You may begin, Tittivillus."

* * *

Sticking one hand in the breast of his jacket, in true Patrick Henry fashion, Tittivillus took the floor proudly and began—

" 'He stood in the middle of the road watching the wash coming from Cologne. The blue-eyed beaver carrying the valise was young—say five-and-twenty. The innkeeper dumped the valise on the big central crab, which struck him as an odd place. There was plenty of room on the floor for the crawfish. Alone in his room, he opened the letter that he found on the ceiling. It stated— 'I discovered my mother to be quite ill, but I think she would seem better under the bed. However, we must wait till the doctor says hush. Your trip to Austria interests me, though I cannot guess why you are drinking cologne.'

" 'The scenery here is beautiful—the town looms up like a solitary hill crocheted with mackerel. From my window I gaze out upon a large over-grown hoyden covered with leafless bushes and dead tulips. I adore my fiancée, considering her pleasantly cracked.' "

"Wait," cried the stranger, excitedly, as Tittivillus paused, "this author is a genius of the new school—the very new school—he has a marvelous talent of word imagery! May I ask, if you reject this manuscript, that you pass it on to me? It is just what I have been looking for, for America's greatest all-fiction magazine—something new—something different!"

Dr. Angelicus looked at his guest curiously. "Certainly," he said courteously. "You may take it along with you now."

"Ah, thank you, thank you," muttered the stranger; and with a brief, business-like adieu, he seized the exercise book from Tittivillus, and was gone.

"Tittivillus," said Angelicus, thoughtfully, "philanthropy should establish a Bide-a-Wee Home for editors whose minds have broken under the strain of their calling. Pitiful—pitiful," —and the Doctor's voice dropped as he lapsed into sad reverie.

THE LIBRARIAN.

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